

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LI.

No. 2146.—August 8, 1885.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXVI.

## CONTENTS.

I. VICTOR HUGO, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	323
II. FORTUNE'S WHEEL. Part VII., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	337
III. MODERN CATHOLICS AND SCIENTIFIC FREE- DOM, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . . . .	344
IV. A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part XXVII., . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	356
V. LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND, . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	360
VI. A WALKING TOUR IN THE LANDES, . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	369
VII. THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY CONFER- ENCE IN ROME, . . . . .	<i>Nature</i> , . . . . .	378
VIII. LEO XIII. AS ULTRAMONTANE, . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	380
IX. THE LYONS SILK TRADE, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	382

## POETRY.

FROWENDIENST, . . . . .	322	GOWER, IN JUNE, . . . . .	322
EGO AND NON-EGO; OR, ALL MY I, . . . .	322	OUR CRESSY, . . . . .	322

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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## FROWENDIENST.

BORN in another century,  
In old, dim years of love and crime and prayer,  
You would have been, no doubt — so lithe and fair —

A stately feudal dame; and I —  
And I — your page, perchance.

I love to dream so of us twain:  
Your large, clear, night-blue eyes had been  
how sweet  
Beneath the tall white coif! your dainty feet  
Slow-moving for the heavy train  
Where scarlet leopards prance!

With folded palms and lids downcast,  
A little weary of your queenly life —  
You, delicate, a rough Crusader's wife  
I dream, in vaulted halls shut fast  
Though hawthorns are all white.

And I, your page, your thing, your slave.  
I bear your house's lilies on my vest,  
And love of you deep-hidden in my breast.  
My eyes are calm, my mien is grave;  
None dreams the page dare love.

Nay, none on earth! not even you.  
But then, one day — while in the blank, black  
wall  
Of your dull room, where sunset shadows fall,  
The casement opens a square of blue  
With veil-like reds alight —

You feel more lonely or more sad,  
Half-yearning vaguely for some joy unknown.  
You speak; I answer not. My lips in stone  
Feel carved, that yet are laughter-glad.  
I answer not, nor move.

You are too fair, too whitely fair,  
In that soft twilight, resting listlessly  
On your high throne emblazoned duskily!  
You turn — and gaze — and are aware  
That Love sits at your feet.

You laugh now at this graceful lie  
But fit to rhyme away an idle hour;  
And yet one tithe of truth it hath in dower:  
I cherish with a page's fealty  
My lady-service sweet.

Academy.

FRANCIS EARLE.

EGO AND NON-EGO; OR, ALL MY I.  
(Result of attempt to read Herbert Spencer.)

"HERE We Are," beyond all doubt,  
That's a fact you feel you know.  
True; but try to make it out,  
Ah, then, that you find no go.  
Now — if anywhere elsewhere,  
That is neither here nor there —  
Here we are. How came we so?

Came, you say; but then, by "came"  
What do you suppose you mean?  
Answer you: "From sire and dame"?  
Prompt reply, more quick than keen.  
How can one self come of two  
Other selves? Have I and you,  
Each, halves put together been?

Half-a Self is nonsense. One  
Individual Self divide!  
Stands to reason can't be done.  
Part produced from either side,  
I should be a *tertium quid*.  
If I am so, call me squid!  
Yet I must have once begun.

"Ego," I. "Non-Ego," you;  
No-go that again would be.  
"I" you say that you are, too;  
Also that you are not me.  
You're another — put it so.  
I began, how long ago?  
"Here We Are," a Mystery!

Punch.

## GOWER, IN JUNE.

WHILE Spring delays, and Summer comes to greet  
Her sister, bringing wreaths of blooming  
gold  
To load the hedgerows and adorn the wold,  
With silver hawthorn vernal yet and sweet;  
The cuckoo's cry the echoing vales repeat,  
The sand-rose stars the shore, the ferns un-  
fold  
Their curled stems, and in cool mantles  
stoled  
The woods repose beneath the noontide heat, —  
I love this land of Gower; but more to climb  
Her cliffs deep-rooted in the cruel reef  
Girt with the rondure of the smiling sea;  
Or from some mighty headland's height sub-  
lime,  
The guardian Worm behold, with full belief,  
In sunset ocean sleeping tranquilly.  
Spectator. HERBERT NEW.

## OUR CRESSY.

THROUGH noise of battle breaking round,  
Earl Warwick to the monarch sped:  
"The prince is pressed!" King Edward  
frowned:  
"My son must win his spurs," he said.  
And so, when eager angels would defeat  
Hell's bitter wrong, and strenuous tempta-  
tion,  
There flits a smile across the Mercy-seat,  
"Nay, let my children work their own salva-  
tion."

Spectator.

From The Contemporary Review.  
VICTOR HUGO.

THE greatest of living Frenchmen, the greatest man of genius whom this century has known, the *altissimo poeta*, the most splendid romancist of his age, has accomplished his great career. He is the last survivor of a great period in French literature — the last member of one of the greatest literary brotherhoods which has ever existed; and he has carried with him to the very portals of the grave a lamp of genius scarcely dimmed, and a personal power and influence which every year increased. Not very long ago all Europe gathered round him to offer congratulations on his hale and hearty old age; since then, with more than the hands full of flowers of the classic tradition, with honors and praises from every quarter of the earth, he has been carried to his grave. The very sight of a man so distinguished, the consciousness of his honored existence as the representative of the noblest and most all-embracing of the arts — that which depends for its effects upon the simplest and most universal of instincts — was an advantage to the world. The extravagances of hero-worship are inevitable, and in nothing is the ridiculous so tremblingly near to the sublime; but allowing for all that, and for what is worse, the almost equally inevitable foolishness which adulation creates, the position of Victor Hugo was of itself an advantage to the world. In a soberer *pose* altogether, and with a noble modesty, which we may claim as belonging to our race, Walter Scott occupied a somewhat similar position, which would have been all the greater had he lived to Hugo's age, an element which must necessarily be taken into consideration; but, save in this one case, there has been no parallel to the eminence of the great Frenchman in the estimation of his country and of the world.

It is not now that the critic requires to step forth to establish the foundations of this great fame, or decide upon its reality or lasting character. This has been done in the poet's lifetime by a hundred voices, favorable and otherwise: no need to wait for death to give the final decision, as in some cases has been necessary. It is

scarcely possible to imagine that after so long a time any discovery can be made, or any change of taste occur, which would interfere with the supreme position of Victor Hugo. A new generation has been born in the faith which to their elders is a matter of assured and triumphant conviction. But the air is full of his name, and it is a grateful office to go over again some of the noblest productions which human genius has ever given forth, and to contemplate in their unity the many works of a life as much longer than that of ordinary men as its inspiration was above theirs.

It seems sad and strange, as well as laughable and ludicrous, that the great poet should be regarded by a vast number of his countrymen, and perhaps by the majority of the Paris mob which paid him the last honors in so characteristic a way, as a revolutionary politician and a democratic leader. We will take the privilege of the foreigner to leave out that side of his life as much as may be practicable. "Napoleon le Petit" and the "Histoire d'un Crime" are works but little worthy of his genius. Political animosities, sharpened by personal grievances, have in many cases an immense immediate effect in literature, but they pay for this easy success by speedy collapse; and scarcely even the magnificent rhetoric and splendid vituperation of "Les Châtiments" will keep them living when the world has forgotten the lesser Napoleon, as it already begins to do. His patriotic fury, the impassioned utterances of his exile, the tremendous force of feeling with which he flung himself into the struggles of France, took up a large share of Victor Hugo's life, and will procure him a certain place in the historical records of his period. But when all the commotion and the din have died away, as indeed in a great measure they have already done, these fiery diatribes, these burning lava-streams, will be of little more importance than the dustiest *mémoires pour servir* materials from which the historian, with much smoothing down and apologies for the pyrotechnics of a past age, will take here and there a vivid touch to illustrate his theories or brighten his narrative. They will retain, too, a certain importance as autobiography. But fortu-

nately the great mass of the work which Victor Hugo has left behind him can be separated from the polemics of his troubled age and fiery temper. It is not in any sense a peaceful literature. Conflict is its very inspiration. The struggle of human misery with all the confusing and overbearing forces of life; of poverty with the requirements and oppressions of wealth; of the small with the great; of the people with tyrants; of man with fate: these are his subjects, and he is never an impartial historian. He is on the side of the weak in every combat, and partisan of the oppressed. But this does not detract from his work when his opponents are the oppressors of the past, or the still more subtle, veiled, and unassailable forces of destiny. The poet's region is there: he is born, if not to set right the times, which are out of joint, at least to read to the world the high and often terrible lesson of the ages. But it vulgarizes his work when he is seen, tooth and nail, in violent personal conflict with foemen unworthy of his steel, embalming in poetry the trivial or the uncompleted incidents of contemporary warfare. It becomes almost ludicrous, indeed, when we find him pouring forth page after page of vehement and burning complaint in respect to the personal sufferings inflicted on himself, when we know that throughout his career Hugo never knew what the cold shock of failure was, and that, from the moment when Chateaubriand adopted him into the ranks of the poets as *l'enfant sublime* until the moment when all Paris conducted him to his last resting-place, no man has had a more enthusiastic following, or accomplished a more triumphant career.

Victor Hugo was a son of the Revolution. He was born as it were between the two camps, at a moment when France was the theatre of the greatest popular struggle in modern history, of a mother who was a Breton and a Legitimist, and a father who was a republican general, an extraordinary combination. This does not seem, however, to have made, as we might think, family life impossible, for Madame Hugo and her children followed the drum, and, notwithstanding all differences of opinion, found it possible to keep together.

He was educated, it would appear, under his mother's influence rather than that of the soldier father, and did not, till his mind was quite mature, throw himself into the revolutionary opinions which afterwards influenced him so greatly. A royalist in the Restoration period, an observant but not excited spectator of public affairs from 1830 to 1848, it was not till the *coup d'état* and the beginning of the reign of the third Napoleon that he was seized with the passion of political life. That great betrayal seems to have stung him to a frenzied resistance and put poison in his veins. His country was cheated and betrayed; the liberty for which she had made so many exertions, both heroic and fantastical, taken from her; and his own personal liberty and safety threatened. Victor Hugo's soul then burst into *feu et flamme*. He caught fire like a volcano long silent, a burning mountain that had simulated quiet unawares, and clothed itself with vineyards and villages. In the tranquil days, when Louis Philippe plotted and pottered, and France lay dormant, amusing her restrained spirit with the outbreak of the romantic against the classical, and taking pleasure in the burst of genius which had arisen suddenly and unawares in her midst, the poet was so little dissatisfied with the *bourgeois régime* that he accepted the title of *pair de France*. Montalembert had received it some time before. There must have been something soothing, not inharmonious to the poetical mind, in the slumbrous reign which gradually became intolerable to the commonalty and got itself into contempt with all the world. The young poets of the time were peaceful, not discontented. Full of energy as they were, they took no part in the gathering storm: Hugo, a peer, tranquil in the superior chamber; young De Musset a courtier of the Duke of Orleans, and hoping for the king's notice of his verses. The eruption was preparing, the subterranean fires alight; but the sons of genius took no notice. When the tremendous awakening came, it must, in the case of Hugo at least, have gained additional force from the long restraint. He was in the height of life, a man of forty-six, the leader of the roman-



tic school, which by that time had overcome opposition and won the freedom for which it contended, the author of "Hernani" and the other great plays which form one of his chief titles to fame, and of volumes of lyrics which had taken the very heart of the French people, and given a new development to the language. And it was also during this peaceful period that he had taken in another direction a first step of unexampled power and brilliancy in the romance of "Notre Dame." Even among men of acknowledged genius, few have done so much in a lifetime as Victor Hugo had done up to this break in his career. We are so accustomed to the attitude of demagogue which he took afterwards, to the violent revolutionary, the furious exile, the denunciatory prophet of the "Châtiments," that it is strange to realize that his later aspect was prefaced by a long, peaceful, and prosperous beginning. France has never seen a more magnificent band than that which surrounded him, and which has made the reign of the *roi bourgeois* illustrious in spite of itself; and it is curious to mark that these great intelligences did not object to their ruler nor to his ways, but lived like good citizens, with but an occasional fling at semi-sentimental politics. Hugo was the champion of abstract right in all the discussions in which he took part. He it was who proposed, among other things, that the Bonaparte family should be permitted to return to France. Perhaps had he here been less abstract and logical, and more moved by the laws of expediency, it might have been better both for France and for himself.

The plays which he produced in this time of prosperous calm and apparent peace are without question the most remarkable dramatic works of this century, and several of them will, we have no doubt, take their place permanently among the few of all ages and countries which the world will not willingly let die. They are all profoundly tragic, dark with that fate which smites at the moment when desire seems accomplished and the wished-for issue gained. *Hernani*, at the crisis of his happy love, when all clouds seem to have vanished; *Triboulet*, in the mad

climax of his vengeance, when he has tracked his enemy to the murderer's den, and left him without possibility of escape; and *Lucrezia Borgia*, when she thinks she has saved the unfortunate young man who does not know that he is her son — each at the moment of fruition is struck by the inevitable, the blow which has been in reserve from the beginning, against which no precaution could have been of any service, which no foresight could have avoided. In the case of "*Hernani*," which is perhaps the most popular, as it is the most purely poetical, of the series, the catastrophe is less horrible, though not less tragic — the fatal cloud which descends upon the innocent being necessarily different in character and complication from that which overwhelms the guilty. Few effects that have ever been produced on the stage exceed in power and pathos that of *Hernani's* marriage night, when the bridegroom and bride, in the delicious calm and silence, after all the fatigues and triumphs of the day, at last left to themselves in the bliss of perfect happiness and security, suddenly hear ascending from the soft darkness into which they have been gazing the sound of the fatal horn. The breaking in of this tragic note into the impassioned yet tranquil rapture of the lovers has in it a jar of sudden and terrible surprise which rends the heart. The unexpectedness of that which we have been expecting all along, which we knew was coming, has a pang in it which the calmest spectator can scarcely resist, and this although *Hernani* and his bride are but types of youthful love and fidelity, fair poetical creations, without identity of their own to awake in us a warm sympathy. *Triboulet* in his frenzy, in his very baseness, in the horror of the outrage to which he has been subjected, has a very different kind of power. Our abhorrence of him, our pity, the frightful force of the catastrophe, all together rise to a height of passion which is almost more than human nerves can bear. It was perhaps well that this terrible play was suppressed *par ordre*. Louis Philippe, domestic and respectable, could have been affected but little, we may suppose, by the odium thrown upon Francis the First:

but the spectacle was one which men in general could witness only with trembling. The wretched buffoon, stung to madness by insult and wrong, exulting over his supposed vengeance over the body of his enemy, and finding that it is his own child whom he has put in the hands of the murderer, is a sight too awful for the common eye. The tragedy of "Lear," if almost beyond the possibilities of representation, is within the noblest possibilities of art; but that of "Triboulet" touches those limits of horror within which art should not go. His unworthiness, his meanness, his cruel indifference to the sufferings of others, all enhance the intensity of the passion. There is in it an acrid note of desperation, of pain, hoarse, hopeless, and boundless, which is more keen and piercing than anything that is possible to Shakespeare's larger greatness. We are elevated by the awful spectacle of human anguish in one case; we are stung and wounded in the other. It is not an exhibition of human nature at its climax; it is a nightmare, a horrible vision which haunts us, which we cannot banish from our eyes.

"Lucrece Borgia" has in a less eminent degree the same effect, though the horror in her case has not that frightful mixture of the contemptible which adds so much to its intensity. She is the crowning instance of another favorite conception of Hugo's, that of a depraved and corrupt being with one possibility which still seems to bring it within reach of heaven; one pure and disinterested love, which is at once its sole happiness and its most tremendous punishment. The courtesan, with whom this prodigy is always possible in French literature, who has been carried to the depths of sentimental vulgarity in the "Dame aux Camelias" and raised to such heights as are possible to her in "Marion Delorme," is in every way an insignificant figure in comparison with the tragic princess, the mother whose career of blood and shame has always been imperial, yet who keeps in her heart one stainless fountain of love for the child whom she has scarcely seen. The poet, exploring with his ruthless torch the deepest abysses of human nature, shows us the woman contriving with devilish skill the murder of the five youths who have insulted her while watching with impassioned tenderness over the safety of her son. No touch of pity moves her in the one case, not even the knowledge that they are his comrades, and beloved by him; while in the other she is ready to

sacrifice herself to save him the smallest pain. When she finds that Gennaro too is one of her victims, her despair is like that of Triboulet, yet has in it a more awful tragedy still; for her son turns from her with disgust and horror, curses and kills her. The struggle between them, though terrible, breaks the horror of the catastrophe, and the play altogether abounds in picturesque scenes and strong situations. Perhaps the fact that it is thus better adapted for the ordinary uses of the theatre makes it more tolerable than the sombre drama which concentrates all its accumulated despair in the horror of the concluding scene. It is curious enough that both these dramas, so terrible on the stage, should have proved so effective in the hands of the musician. Perhaps the interposition of music, more or less veiling the intensity of the poetry, distracting the attention of the listeners to its own independent effects, is the best thing that can happen to tragedies so bitter and profound.

"Ruy Blas" is the only other of these dramas which it seems necessary to dwell upon. It is the most original in conception, the most important in dramatic power. Its rank as a poetical work is as high as that of "Hernani," but the construction is more remarkable, and it is here almost for the first time that the poet uses the highest gift of poetry, that of creation, and makes of his personages something more than abstract types. Triboulet indeed was, in his contorted and miserable way, a distinct human being; but the group of courtiers, the gay and heartless king, were little more than symbols of frivolity and vice, while Hernani, Didier, and the rest were but romantic lovers, puppets of the genius which puts so many beautiful things into their mouths without taking the trouble to work them into men. But in the drama of the lackey cavalier we have at least one altogether original character, the cavalier vagabond, who breaks into the tragic gravity of the composition with an exuberance of riotous life which has in it something almost Shakespearean, a relief from the seriousness of intrigue and passion such as Hugo had never attempted before. The gay and careless rogue, all ragged and penniless, who is ready for any adventure, who does not hesitate to take a purse or a man's life, but counts out his share of the wind-fall to his comrade, and rejects with a scorn that proves the value of his blue blood (a curious and evidently involuntary contradiction of the poet's democratic

theories) the discreditable intrigue proposed to him, was a new figure on the French stage when Victor Hugo placed him there, and an altogether new departure in the poet's work. Don César de Bazan has all the life and originality of a new creation. He comes fresh from his maker's hands, an *étourdi* indeed, but something very different from Molière's young gallants — an impudent adventurer, yet a human being devised by an art which has learned the inefficacy of the simpler symbols, and that a remainder of manhood, a something higher than self-interest, an incapacity even to understand certain forms of evil, is necessary to the truth of the picture. The idea was first suggested in Saverny, the light-hearted victim of Marion Delorme, though in that case the inroad made upon the canons of tragic art was far less important. The light-hearted reprobate who plunges into the midst of the sombre plot, chasing all sobriety, not to say solemnity, from the stage while he holds possession of it, and interrupting while he aids the development of the tragedy, is the final triumph of the new school over all the unities and established laws. Ruy Blas himself is an attempt, not so successful, to temper the heroic symbol with human weakness, just as the *vaurien* is tempered with unlooked-for honor and integrity. Victor Hugo fails in this, as Shakespeare himself would have failed. But Shakespeare never would have fallen into the mistake of involving his hero in a base and dishonorable bargain. Hither not even the passion which is reckless and hopeless can carry a man without such a forfeiture as disturbs and destroys our interest. Nobility of soul may be quite consistent with the position of a lackey, but not of a lackey who masquerades as a gentleman at his master's command in order to ruin his master's enemy, even when done with the intention of saving her, and under the compulsion of a great and hopeless passion. Had it been Hugo's intention to prove the worn-out theory that the gentleman is always the superior of the plebeian, he could not have invented a more effectual manner of doing so. The true Don César, though a good-for-nothing, rejects the disgraceful enterprise with scorn. The lackey, though everything that is noble and pure, accepts it. He receives his master's commands with a subserviency which is not even justified by a long habit of servitude, since we are told that he has put on his livery for the first time on the day on which he appears before us; and

though he recovers his manhood in the final scene is startled first by the return of his master into a curious return of servility, the naturalness of which revolts instead of attracting our sympathies. This makes Ruy Blas an uncomfortable hero. He is not a great spirit wronged by the inferiority of race, but an inferior humiliated in his stolen greatness, and remaining still a lackey in his soul.

While these plays were being written, and the mind of their author reaching its full development, the fountain of pure poetry, those outbursts of song which are often the most delightful and dear of all the utterances of the poet, were flowing forth, refreshing and fertilizing French literature, and giving a noble utterance to the new thought and rising energy of the times. His youth gave forth some uncertain notes, his fancy roaming from Bourbon to Bonaparte. But that his imagination should have been seized by the recollection of the great Napoleon is so natural, so inevitable, one would suppose, for every young Frenchman, and especially for the son of a Bonapartist general, that there would have been something lacking in him had he escaped that enthusiasm. Apart from these waves of national sentiment, and from the vague music of the "Orientales" and other such preludes and symphonies, there is poetry enough in the various volumes which followed each other at uncertain intervals to have fully furnished one man of genius with fame enough for what we call immortality. Hugo has enough and to spare for all subjects that occurred to him. A sunset, a landscape, a love song, alternate in his pages with a philosophical discussion or a brief and brilliant scene snatched from history, from contemporary life, from his own inner existence, all clothed in the noblest verse of which the French language is capable. His power over that language is boundless, the wealth of an utterance which never pauses for a word, which disregards all rules yet glorifies them, which is ready for every suggestion, and finds nothing too terrible, nothing too tender, for the tongue which, at his bidding, leaps into blazing eloquence, or rolls in clouds and thunder, or murmurs with the accent of a dove. Never had there been so great a gamut, a compass so extended. We may take one of the most remarkable of his lesser poems as a symbol of his poetry in general — of the width of range and splendid force of suggestion which associates the most unlikely subjects. It is that in which he

sets before us the gloomy king, musing of all his dark schemes, of the affairs of the world, of vengeance and fate, and the little princess in the garden holding her rose which half hides her innocent face, so that the tender looker-on can scarcely

Distinguer de la fleur ce bel enfant qui joue  
Et si l'on voit la rose, ou si l'on voit la joue.

While the little one plays and babbles, the shadow of the man at the window of the palace, which looks like "la mort, à moins que ce ne soit le roi," ponders, watching unconsciously the figure of the child. He is thinking of his Armada launched upon the sea, and its fate — she of her rose: when suddenly the evening breeze seizes the flower, and, catching its over-blown perfection, scatters the petals over the basin, raising a miniature storm.

On croit voir dans un gouffre une flotte qui sombre.

"Madame," dit la duègne avec sa face d'ombre  
A la petite fille étonnée et rêvant,  
Tout sur terre appartient aux princes, hors le vent.

Thus the flower and the fleet are scattered in one pregnant line, and the history which affects the world, the turn of fate which engulfs one nation and saves another, and the momentary dismay which clouds the baby's eyes at the loss of its evanescent treasure, are all told.

It is impossible, or almost impossible, to convey through the medium of translation the melody and beauty of lyrical poetry from one language to another; it is even difficult for a foreigner to appreciate fully, though well acquainted with the language, that finer soul of verse which is dearest to the native ear. And we do not venture to attempt to explain and describe the indescribable. But yet there are many of Victor Hugo's most striking poems which might be translated with at least an approximate success. For that in which he is perhaps at his best is the delineation of a sudden scene, an incident in which human nature is seen at its highest or lowest, a spark struck out of the darkness in which history leaves the mass of humankind. The calm soldier of "Après la Bataille" (it is his father, which adds a charm), who, after the wounded man on the lost field has taken advantage of his pause of mercy to shoot him, says to his attendant, "Donne-lui tout de même à boire;" the gendarme who is being led away to be shot when he encounters his child, full of dismay and wonder to see him thus accompanied, and who is permitted to go home with the boy

to satisfy him, returning smiling to his death; the little Communard who before his execution asks and obtains leave to carry his watch to his mother, with many more that might be selected, are in themselves so penetrated and vibrating with the highest strain of feeling that in the rudest diction they would still be poetry. None of all these exceed in poignant sympathy and poetic insight the wonderful little poem of the "Crapaud," the sufferer in which is no more dignified a creature than a toad, and the hero, another patient animal, born son of suffering, the peasant's hard-working and poorly fed ass. The story of the miserable toad, the "monstre, chétif, louche, impur, chassieux," seen in the clear and soft air of evening, the sky still rosy with sunset, all still and breathing peace around, is told with incomparable pity and tenderness. A priest with his book, passing slowly, sees the "hideuse bête," and crushes it with his heel. A woman, fair, and with a flower in her breast, blinds it with her parasol. A band of children, among whom was the poet ("j'étais enfant, j'étais petit, j'étais cruel"), fall upon and torture it. At the moment that they are about to conclude their cruel work, by letting a heavy stone drop on it, a cart comes up drawn by "un vieux âne écloppe, maigre et sourd."

Les enfants entendant cette roue et ce pas,  
Se tournèrent bruyants et virent la charette.  
"Ne mets pas le pavé sur le crapaud. Arrête :  
Crièrent-ils. Voit tu la voiture descend  
Et va passer dessus, c'est bien plus amusant."  
Tous regardaient.

Soudain avançant dans l'ornière  
Ou le monstre attendait sa torture dernière,  
L'âne vit le crapaud et triste, hélas ! penché  
Sur un plus triste — lourd, rompu, morne,  
écorché —

Il sembla la flairer, avec sa tête basse.  
Ce forçat, ce damné, ce patient, fit grâce.

Avec sa lassitude acceptant le combat,  
Tirant le chariot et soulevant le bât,  
Hagard, il détourna la roue inexorable,  
Laisant derrière lui vivre ce misérable.

If there is something of the inevitable polemics in this heartrending story, there is at the same time a tenderness ineffable, a pity which is divine.

It is not, however, upon his poetry, either in the form of drama, lyric, or narrative, that his fame out of France, or at least in England, is founded. There is no more usual deliverance of superficial criticism in this country than that which declares French poetry in general to be

either nought—which is still a not uncommon notion—or at least not great enough to be worth the study which alone could make it comprehensible. There are many good people who dare to say this yet live, audacious, and unconscious of their folly. We have now, however, to consider Victor Hugo on a ground which no one ventures to dispute. The great romances—for which we should like to invent another name—which we cannot call novels, and which are too majestic even for the title of romance, though that means something more than the corresponding word in English—are in their kind and period the greatest works produced in his time. We are glad that we are not called upon to make any comparison of the Frenchman with our own beloved romancer, the master of all fiction in England, the name most dear in literature. Scott's noble, sober, temperate, and modest genius is in all things different from the tempestuous, fantastic, and splendid imagination—the nature fiery, violent, yet profound—of his successor in the field. That Hugo penetrates deeper, that the depths of that abyss of which he is so fond lie open before him, and that nothing in Scott gives the terrific impression which the dark and surging mass of vitality, misery, and crime lurking in the backgrounds of Paris both mediæval and actual, conveys to us, we readily admit. The principle of selection was stronger in Scott's days, as it is always strong in our sober atmosphere; and it is certain that he would not if he could have reproduced that seething mass of squalor and iniquity for any reward. But at all events there is no one but Scott with whom we can compare Victor Hugo—otherwise he is *hors concurrence* a greater than we know how to equal or classify.

"Notre Dame de Paris," with all its strange learning and wonderful panoramic effects, is not like the work of a young man, or a first essay in the art of fiction. Yet he was scarcely twenty-eight when it was written. It has nothing of the frank reality and open-air life of Scott. Its extreme elaboration and detail resemble more the work of Manzoni in the "*Promessi Sposi*," and it has evidently been the model, conscious or unconscious, of "*Romola*." George Eliot, who was not, so far as we are aware, a disciple of Hugo, bears more resemblance to him than any other writer of historical romance. Scott has no object but that of telling his manifold, delightful story of times which charm him by their picturesqueness, which have

seized upon his imagination in all their glory of arms and adventure, and with that advantage of distance which makes the past the true land of romance. Manzoni has no story to tell, nor spontaneous impulse like that of our great romancist, but the distinct and carefully worked out purpose of elucidating the Middle Ages in Italy, and laying before us the conditions of life in that departed condition of affairs. Victor Hugo adds something to both. He has his tale to tell, but the tale is a parable—he has his revelation to make, his old world to light up with a lurid illumination, which does not diffuse itself over the landscape, but lights up here and there with miraculous Rembrandt effects against the background of a world of shadows. With him there is meaning in everything, and the common struggle and conflict of humanity at large with the forces that oppress and enslave is never lost sight of, even when his principal object is to trace out some individual struggle against those awful powers of fate which have been the subject of so many dramas, and have affected the imagination of so many poets. George Eliot, too, has a moral object like Hugo, but the endeavor she makes after daylight and atmosphere, in itself a greater aim, is less perfectly carried out. She gives us the idea of being tremulously anxious about this, about the truth of fact in every detail, while he, in the exuberance of his genius, treats all surrounding circumstances with a careless, almost contemptuous, mastery, flooding a strong light upon them here and there as it pleases him, not taking the trouble to think of accuracy. Manzoni is not anxious, but very careful, pedantic, determined to be, and fully assured that he is, right. Scott is by far the simplest as he is the first—the example and leader of all. He takes his art more easily than any of his successors, with an air of exercising it for his pleasure, which none of them have: yet we doubt if any historical portrait among them has ever produced more impression than that of Louis XI., or given the world a completer conception of the strange mixture of devotion and dishonesty, cruelty, cunning, and fraud, which was possible in the ages of faith.

Victor Hugo makes no historical portraits. The group of beings round whose hapless feet he draws the coils of fate are all offsprings of his fancy. The dancing girl of the streets, an image most probably borrowed from the *Precioza* of Cervantes—if among such sovereigns of



poetic inspiration there could ever be any question of borrowing—the frightful spectre of the priest, the deformed and formidable monster Quasimodo, with his hideous body and faithful soul, all linked together in fatal fortuitous combination, belong to the imagination alone. The *beau capitaine* has a certain footing on the solid earth, and is, indeed, a remorseless picture of the young libertine, handsome and heartless and beloved, with whom fiction is but too familiar. But all these figures are primitive, in the elementary stage of existence; they have no defence of character, of individual life or thought against the constraining force of the fatality which grasps them, and which they cannot escape. Even the girl, who is the image of purity and innocence amid all those sombre and terrible scenes, is pure only till temptation really touches her, and has in herself no protest against sin, but only against that to which she has no inclination. The priest in his vile soul has no pretence of a higher feeling. The passion that rages in him has no right to be called love; it is the basest and most gross of animal desires. Only Quasimodo, the monster, knows what the word means, and the bitter and poignant contrast between the soul which is in him alone of all his surroundings, and the miserable body in which it is concealed, adds to the terrible story that same shrill tone of anguish which rings through the passion of Triboulet. He is but half human, yet he only has any link with the divine. He is like the toad of the poem, but more horrible than the toad, as having all the consciousness and all the power of suffering of a man. The tragedy is completed by the almost equally terrible figure of the recluse in her cell, whose delirium of maternal love aids the catastrophe and helps to betray to cruel death the child whom she has spent half her miserable life in mourning. She is brought in to heighten the horror, and she adds to the main subject a new suggestion which the author has not paused to work out; but without her the climax of misery would have been incomplete, as beyond her nothing can go.

According to his own explanation, it is the struggle of human nature with superstition which Victor Hugo has set himself to demonstrate in this book. But it is much more. Superstition is the feeblest of the forces in it. The condemnation of the hapless girl as a sorceress is little more than the framework of the drama. The sudden commotion of the fierce yet

easily diverted crowd, the merciless apparition of Tristan l'Hermite and his soldiers, and the various scenes about the gibbet give but a superficial support to this theory. The picture is really more dark and fatal, less temporary and chronological. With greater reason it might be said that the *motif* of the sombre strain is that which plays so little part in ancient tragedy, but which is so great an actor in the modern. Love, so-called—the foolish mistaken passion of the unfortunate girl, the horrible love of the priest—one founded on nothing, on a freak of youthful fancy, the other revolting and brutal; yet both of the nature of that which links the world together; both in their essence meaning happiness, working destruction. Had she not caught the sombre eye of Claude Frollo, the gipsy dancer might have played her harmless magic without danger; had she not heard the voice of Phœbus in her mother's cell, she might have escaped at the end; while, to carry the complication further, it is the mother's frenzied love and misery which makes her the priest's accomplice and secures the victim. The drama is, in fact, deeper and of far wider significance than the author claims for it. It is the errings and mistakes of the half-enlightened human creature, "moving about in worlds not realized," stumbling into paths discovered too late to be fatal, half seeing, not understanding, till time brings the terrible explanation. Superstition has not much more to do with it than has the grand shadow under which all is enacted; that magnificent Notre Dame which it is scarcely possible to think of, standing there, the central figure in the scene, as an inanimate thing.

This was Victor Hugo's *coup d'essai* in fiction, and it stands by itself, a work, so far as we know, without parallel—a piece of mediæval life and of universal tragedy, vivid, terrible, appalling. To think that Quentin Durward, fresh and simple, was just then walking into that lurid Paris, with its gloomy tumult and horror, to him a glorious daylight city, full of wonder and delight! The honest, open record may no doubt suffer in some points as compared with the other, in which the intensity of the effects suggest a constant flicker of torchlight and all the fantastic shadows and illuminations of night, rather than any shining of the sun. But Claude Frollo and Quasimodo, and even Esmeralda, are all spectres that vanish in the distance, wild semblances that breathe of fever and fancy; while to the manly Scott



the solid figures about him stand fast as men and friends. Human nature with the one is ever cordial and honest and kind, which, all miseries notwithstanding, is its ordinary strain; but with the other it is dark, hapless, tragic—a thing of misery struggling among blind and terrible forms, uncomprehended or unknown.

There is no tenderness in "Notre Dame." Love itself is a delirium, and pity is so qualified with horror that there is no softness in it. But when we come to the "Misérables," all is pity and tenderness, and a compassion which melts the heart. To turn from Claude Frollo, and find ourselves suddenly in the presence of Bishop Myriel, is a change for which we can find no words. In the gloomy world, wherein the dark priest of Notre Dame represents religion, there is no repentance or power of betterment, nor healing touch of sympathy, but only fierce remorse and execration and terror. But when the great romancist begins his second chapter of human history and fate, the altered atmosphere makes itself felt in a moment. The dark veil is lifted; the horror clears away; the visible soul of goodness, even in things evil, comes tremulously to light through the tears of a charity which weeps but does not condemn. Bishop Myriel is impossible, it is common to hear, especially from those to whom the ideal of the saintly celibate—one noble image still existing in the Church of Rome—is unknown. A bishop who has his family to provide for could not indulge in the kind of luxury Victor Hugo allows him; but the gentle old man, with his old sister, with no earthly care save for his flock, has other possibilities; and his introduction, after the tumults and gloom of the earlier tale, is like that sound "as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June," which the poet brings in with sudden surprise of sweetness and relief after the mystic terrors of his vision. Bishop Myriel strikes the keynote of the wonderful tale. The convict in his hopeless and brutal misery, with every door shut against him, the unfortunate Fantine, falling from degradation to degradation, are enveloped in the new atmosphere of that tender, luminous regard. When Jean Valjean is running all the risks of the sensational drama in his hairbreadth escapes from the law as represented by Javert, our interest is indeed kept at full strain, and the innumerable escapes are managed with so much art that we follow them with unflinching excitement, and scarcely feel the strain of the repetition. But all this is on

a much lower level of art than the extraordinary scenes of the opening in which is effected that wonderful operation which in religion is called conversion, the turning of a human soul from good to evil. The powerful picture of the *forçat*, the *galérien*, stupid with misery rather than crime, yet with the instincts of an outlaw, and drawn by some miserable current of impulse which he cannot resist, yet which is not really his, into new, almost involuntary offence, is one which it is impossible to forget. When he steals the *quarante sous* of poor little Petit-Gervais, the tragical effect is supreme. It is a miserable, cowardly crime, at which the heart revolts; but as we watch it, looking into the convict's dim and frozen mind, and see the confused soul awakening, the stupefied intelligence rousing, the crushed humanity that breaks its bonds and comes to sudden, miserable life, there could be no more grand and solemn spectacle. Once more the poet does himself wrong in the formula upon which he supposes himself to build his work. All the after struggle is secondary to the great event of the beginning, which is the salvation of Jean Valjean, not from the law or the prejudices of society, but from the power of evil. Javert is an accident, though a striking one: the real matter is much higher; it is the work of Bishop Myriel, not of the penal code. It is the redemption of a soul; it is the struggle, first of the dominant sin with the dim risings of a better life, and then of good with evil—the everlasting struggle in which, either by defeat or victory, in death or life, the heavenly principle wins the battle at the end.

The "Misérables" is the story of this struggle in the soul and life of the rescued criminal, but it is also the story of the world that lies behind and around him. Again, that swarming, tumultuous Paris, with its suffering multitudes, its chaos of discordant elements, and the great stream of life that carries on all those contradictions and anomalies. No city was ever so overflowing with the sound of a multitude; every roof hides a little secondary conflict; everywhere there are the tokens of the struggle, not with the law only and its rigid rules, but of the nobler with the baser, of mercy with judgment. The horrible *taudis* of the Thénardiens, from which it seems impossible that any good should come, yields to France and the world the little figure, heroic, pathetic, the little demon-angel, the *gamin* Gavroche. The author pauses to make a hundred digressions, preaches, misrepresents, rhapsodizes

sodizes, intoxicates himself with his supposed theme, then comes back, and with the clear smiling in his eye which implies a tear, takes us into the entrails of the elephant with the *deux mouches* and their little angel guardian. Though he loves the Rembrandt effects, the flash of a torch into the darkness, these pictures are all done in light. The little Cosette, standing breathless in contemplation of the doll in the shop window, *la dame*, which appears to her like an inhabitant of the skies, the poor little Cinderella of the *auberge*, squalid, hungry, hopeless, yet with the whole morning world behind her to retire into, the dream-refuge of the child, forms a pendant in some sort to Gavroche, though she is not so original. Whenever Victor Hugo comes within reach of a child, his heart expands, his style softens, his genius exhausts itself in tender amplification of the theme he loves. And amid all the crowds and sufferings of the "*Misérables*," he finds room for an idyll of youthful love, unique among his works. His art does not deal with lovers. We might have thought but for Cosette and Marius that he had a certain scorn of that easy *motif*, the subject of every common story-teller. Here, however, he finds it in his way and uses it with all the felicity of one to whom it is the first subject in life. Nothing is omitted in this wonderful book. If its chief subject is in the depths, it rises also to the serenest heights of imagination. It is the epic of the miserable; but since that great change which in the late twilight, among the wild freedom of the open moors, we saw taking place in the soul of the miserable convict, it becomes also the romance of the happy. For that is the turning-point — not Javert and his needless pursuit, but the fact that Jean Valjean becomes the Père Madeleine — the repentant, the sorrowful who has obtained mercy. There are many indications of vice, such as were indispensable to the subject; and there are also, as unfortunately in all Victor Hugo's works, much wild talk and rhapsodies which to the innocent may sound like blasphemy. But withal, the "*Misérables*" is the greatest of religious romances: a noble, modern, nineteenth-century legend of the saints.

The "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" is more strictly and formally true to the author's declared purpose. It is the struggle of man with the forces of nature in a clearer sense than the "*Misérables*" represents the struggle with society. The fantastic character of that conflict, and of the devil-

ish being with which it is made, is within the privileges of art, though not perhaps according to the laws of probability. To represent Gilliat as riding the whirlwind and directing the storm in the ways of science by engineering or electricity, or any of those modern fabulous methods which would have appeared more unlikely than any diabolical monster to our forefathers, would have involved greater difficulties than the fight with the *pieuvre*, and would have been less picturesque. The concentration of the struggle with brute force, and the hideous, unreasoning will which seems to confront man in his attempts to subjugate the earth, and resist him to the death, in a malignant creature, is in this point of view quite justifiable. But here again the subject widens, and the larger atmosphere of humanity comes in. Gilliat's death struggle is not with the *pieuvre*, nor with the winds and seas, over which the resources and expedients of humanity (in his case naturally strained to extravagance) are always victorious in the end; but with a thing much slighter and much greater — a trifling thing, not worth counting in the history of the race — yet not to be overcome by those forces which can move mountains, or touched by the lever even which could upset the earth. It is the heart of another human creature, the foolish impulse of another's inclination, which is the object, unconquerable by any giant, and against which, with all his strength and patience and boundless resource, this conqueror of the seas is brought to shipwreck and destruction. What need to speak of the struggle with nature when here, at the end, stands that against which no struggle is effectual — once more the everlasting human mistake which lies at the bottom of so much misery, and which no force known to man has yet been able to master? While Gilliat goes on with the endless assaults and defences of his warfare the spectator is aware all the time that his victory will avail him nothing; that, so far as his object goes, it is but a kind of solemn farce, a labor in vain. Thus, once more, creative genius bursts its own bonds, and finds itself in front of a problem older, greater, than those easy enigmas that time, or work, or blood, or life, can solve. A man can conquer the world if he is strong enough, if he has time enough, if his determination is equal to his task; but though he should have the power of Hercules, and be able to overcome every adversary, even death himself; though he should remove mountains and understand

all mysteries, yet what is he in face of another human spirit whose will and meaning is contrary to his? His strength avails him nothing in that encounter, nor his worth, nor the fact that his new opponent is slighter, weaker, not worthy to be named in the same breath with him, the victor of all things, but the vanquished in this. Gilliat dies, defeated, but not by nature, just as Esmeralda dies betrayed, but not by superstition; the fate that draws these victims to their doom is greater. It is the confusion of human hearts and impulses, the darkling ways by which we grope and stumble against each other in the twilight of our perceptions, without knowing what any step may bring us; without power to move the other, who, in the hermitage of his own personality, stands resistant—his will, his inclination, his thoughts, all beyond us, not subject to us, though we were the greatest and he the smallest of mankind.

Thus the battle which can, and that which cannot be won, display themselves before us—the battle with the seas and that which is therein, how full of excitement, of passion, of energy, and hope! Nothing in it, even at its hardest, to appal the soul of the man who is above all the sombre forces brought against him, who is aware that he must conquer them at the last, and whose spirit scorns the wounds and discouragements which by times bring his physical part to the eve of disaster. But before that adversary he is indomitable; a moment's rest, and he is up again, with ever a new expedient, an improvised weapon, a restored hope; the earth and the seas are his natural subjects even when in full rebellion. But once in face of the other adversary, his high front bows, the arms fall out of his hand: there is no prevision of victory, no faith in his resources, no hope in anything that can be done; he is defeated without power even to strike a blow.

This romance of the seas was a fit tribute of the poet to the island that gave him shelter. Its salt breezes, its dashing spray, its bristling rocks, the atmosphere of health and hardy vigor, the open air and shining day are as strong and fresh in it as in its scene. His former works were full of night effects, strong contrasts of light and shade: but here the sky and horizon have all the largeness, the breadth and space which belong to the sea. The scene is larger, but it is less peopled, the actors in the drama are few, for a great part of the work Gilliat alone holds by himself the human side of the struggle,

and all the uncertainty of incident and surroundings, which in the former works were so endless and varied, are here entirely laid aside. It is an epic rather than a tragedy, yet the most tragic epic: the story of our life.

It is curious to turn from the work to the workman at this period of his career. Victor Hugo himself on his rock in the midst of the ocean does not show the dignity of his silent hero. His own account of himself is not dignified. He was in the full force of that frenzy against Napoleon (*le petit*) which made him foam at the mouth, and in the Gallic rage which permits itself fuller utterance than among our reticent race, stamped and raved upon his little promontory among the seas, so that all the world could hear. The passion of the "Châtiments" sometimes reaches a certain sublimity of vituperation. It is too grand for its subject, or for any such subject, the cry of a prophet, half demoniac, half inspired from heaven. It would be well that we should have no other record of the life at Jersey and Guernsey. His real position was somewhat strained, with something of the theatrical in it. No doubt he appeared respectably *en bourgeois*, clad like other sane persons: but to see him as he exhibits himself in the "Actes et Paroles," one would say a patriot pirate chief, a sort of Conrad with pistols in his belt and a red flag in his hand. He defied England which gave him shelter, sent a fiery proclamation to be posted on the walls of Dover when the emperor paid his famous visit to the queen, addressed a violent *sommation* (not at all *respectueuse*) to Lord Palmerston, and did his best to work up the islanders to something like insurrection in order to save a brutal murderer from the hangman. But these are weaknesses which may be forgotten. The third Napoleon has gained from his misfortunes a certain right, he too, as well as the murderers, to be judged with mercy. But perhaps it was not from the man who had glorified the first Napoleon, who had proposed the re-entry of the family into France, and who had seen the freedom he dreamt of crushed in a moment, and suffered in his own person exile and downfall in consequence, to do justice to what good was in the fallen emperor. We wish that the poet had not foamed and raved for his own sake, not for Napoleon's; but that is all.

We may permit ourselves to take the privilege of selection, and omit the next of his works, the "Homme qui Rit." The

book is an embodiment of all that is offensive in Hugo — extravagance, false taste, false rhetoric, and a choice of the painful, the horrible, and the grotesque, which in itself is a vice. He was weary of exile, of sorrow, of long waiting for the good to come, when he had this nightmare. His next great work of fiction was produced under happier auspices. It was intended to have been followed by two others, in which the story of the Revolution should have been repeated and summed up; but this intention was never carried out. As a matter of fact, a sequel to the portion of the work already before us would be little possible, since two of the chief personages, and these the typical leaders of the Revolution, had demonstrated the poetical impossibility of their undertaking by their tragic end.

In "Quatre-vingt-treize" we come back from the stillness of the island, the concentration of life within the surroundings of the seas, once more to the crowds and heat and conflict of tumultuous existence, into the bitter misery of civil war, and that desperate struggle for mastery which had not yet found a solution in Bonaparte. No scene in Victor Hugo's works is more characteristic than the scene in the ship with the cannon which has broken loose. The blind and fatal thing, simulating the struggles of a creature that has life and some sort of intelligence, is such a symbol as is dear to him. It is like the pieuvre, it is like Javert, an irresponsible instrument of evil; malign, yet innocent; striving to murder, yet without guilt. Its bounds and plunges are so many details in his parable — the man who stands with his life in his hands opposed to that threatening, redoubtable, lifeless monster, is man incarnate against the powers of destiny. Whether the strife was a possible one or not, it is hard for us in these advanced days to tell; he does not care — the struggle itself is his favorite parable. In the history which follows we are brought face to face with the men of the Revolution in types too strongly characterized for mere human individuality, yet more fit for the purpose they are to serve than were they less symbolical. The first, the greatest, is the seigneur of the old régime, the representative of a system which is over, one of those who have pushed France into the abyss, and made the Revolution which destroys. He is the type of everything the author abhors in politics, but in art he vanquishes his author, and asserts his haughty, hereditary qualities above all *roturiers* and pre-

tenders; a man perfectly brave, fearless, remorseless, caring nothing for life or happiness which comes in his way, considering himself and his cause, or himself if there were no cause, as the object for which the world exists, and the dependants round him as created for his service, to labor, suffer, or die — what matter — according as his necessities require. He is the type of all the despotisms, the man of divine right, with a profound contempt for the people and all their claims. To Victor Hugo as a man no figure could have been more repulsive, but to the great artist Lantenac is irresistible. He subduces and overcomes the genius which has given him birth. Gauvain, on the other side, the young commander of the republican forces, is the poet's ideal. He is the favorite of all visionary souls, the emblem of generous youth, rendered desperate by the vices of the past, laying vehement hold upon the Revolution, which is to him a new gospel, the salvation of the poor, the destroyer of cruelty and injustice. But this young and generous idealist is already chilled at the heart by contact with the fierce and horrible reality, with '93, the year of blood, with the guillotine and carnage of that fatal war between brothers which it is hard to receive as the beginning of the reign of fraternity. Young Gauvain is the enthusiast foredoomed, the hero for whom all our sympathies are concerned, yet whose strength we are conscious cannot stand against the shocks of fate around him. Cimourdain, the true revolutionary, the rigid theorist and logician, he whose intellectual obstinacy is equal to that of the aristocrat, who stands at nothing, who is capable of emulating the inhuman grandeur of Brutus, or approving the horrors of September, an ascetic yet a demagogue, with the stern ardor of the priest in the veins of the atheist, a combination which has produced and still produces the most hopeless of all combinations, the apostate fanatic, is the third figure of this trio. Of the three, this is the man whom we should have expected to be placed the foremost in the great conflict; but here once more the poet betrays the politician. Cimourdain's rage has a shrill tone in it, his pose a theatrical exaggeration which is not in the attitude or voice of the calm though equally pitiless noble. When his pistol rings into the awful hush amid which the guillotine performs its work upon the guiltless and brave Gauvain, it shocks us like a *coup de théâtre*, a carpenter's artifice in the midst of a tragedy. It is a tiresome



interruption, an impertinence rather than a solemnity. Lantenac disappearing into the night even at the cost of the young man's life, has still a tragic dignity. The delegate is a characteristic invention, a fictitious figure constructed upon certain evident principles, and no more.

This is a very curious result of the great democrat's work. He was an anti-clerical in all the meanings of the word — that is, from his youth up, an opponent of the Church, a rebel against its authority, without even the tradition in its favor which the almost conventional necessity of a devout mother forms in the minds of most Frenchmen. Victor Hugo was opposed not only to the great institution itself, but even to this sentimental influence, this bond of the imagination. The priest as priest had no attraction for him, but the reverse, and the work of the Church was odious, as the most powerful of inventions for cramping and binding the human intellect. Yet when he would set before us the most pure ideal, the incarnation of mercy and goodness, he finds it in a priest — a priest the most perfect of priests, celibate, ascetic, a combination of every circumstance which in polemics would most separate him from the common sympathies of humanity, yet by very right of that separation the succorer and servant of humanity, the brother of all men. Bishop Myriel is more than the Christian, he is the Catholic ideal. Among ourselves he would be surrounded by children and human interests, and therefore would be impossible; but he is not impossible in the Church of Rome. He is there the dream, the visionary man, dear to the imagination, and conceivable to hope. But nowhere has this *papa angelico*, this priest of priests, been so apprehended and realized as by the man who scorned all priesthoods, who was no Catholic, nor even, in the theological sense of the word, a Christian, to whom the Church was the kingdom of the devil rather than the kingdom of God. Strange touch of fate in the necessities of genius: he goes farther than this. It is he, Victor Hugo, who explains that fond and tender imagination, that painful superstition, that sublime folly — these are choice of terms in which to describe the monastic service of the perpetual adoration — as no advocate of monasticism has ever done. Here Montalembert himself has no place before the man who scoffed at him and all his ideas, yet who thus outdoes them every one. It has been left for the revolutionary iconoclast to reveal to the world

in the convent, that last retreat of bigotry and superstition, an abode of purity and peace, an ineffable ministration of sacrifice and love towards men. Curious reversal of everything that was to be expected of all the natural issues of belief! And in the drama of the Revolution it is his enemy who comes out triumphant. The most heroic action is done by the old noble: his mien is the grandest in the face of death. He discourses on the eve of his execution with a royal calm, with words which are like those which Hugo himself employs when addressing the revolutionaries of science, in face of whom the poet finds himself like his hero, a conservative, a noble of that oldest *régime* of all in which men were made by God, and not evolved out of the brute, a grand seigneur of humanity, declaring against the frog and the ape his higher claim.

We have spent so much time upon this remarkable and unlooked-for result that we have omitted to notice the charm of the sombre volumes of "Quatre-vingt-treize," which is also the charm of the poet's old age — the wonderful group of children which appears in the midst of all the fire and flame, the conflict of passions and elements. There is no chapter of the life of childhood in literature known to us which we could place beside the chapter entitled "Le Massacre de St. Barthélemy." The men outside may be types and symbols, the children live and breathe. The baby George, who lifts her little finger and says "Poum!" at the sound of the guns, to whom the summons of war is "musique," and the glow of the flame as it blazes up round their refuge "joli" — is a creation so complete, so delicious, so much beyond anything we know, so infinitely modest, vivid, and true, that words fail us in which to characterize this triumph of poetic love and insight. The little group altogether fills our eyes as we read with the moisture of delight, with something of that unspeakable tenderness, compassion, adoration, which is in the eyes of the writer. These little beings are in all the freshness of the inarticulate, creatures conceived, not described; fresh from the hand of God, not sullied by the touch of that reverent yet playful beholder through whom we see the blossoming of their unconscious life. Their seriousness, their busy-ness, their tremendous discoveries, their absorption in the little world about them, and indifference to all that passes outside; the masculine energy of René-Jean and Gros-Alain; the finer dreamer, twenty months

old, not yet sufficiently entered in life to give her full attention to it, — form such a picture as neither poet nor painter had dreamed of. The atmosphere about them is half heaven, half morning — the little comedy of their existence is full of a pathos which is at once heartrending and delightful. Amid all the wonders of Hugo's genius, this is perhaps the most wonderful of all. And one of the latest of his publications, the delightful volume called "L'Art d'être Grandpère," sounds like the prologue and epilogue, the echo and the origin of the story of the three children in the tower. The scenes in which Jeanne, like Georgette, *jase*, in the infant's lovely, undecipherable language to herself and heaven — in which she sleeps, a little image of happiness and purity — in which she is *au pain sec dans le cabinet noir*, or tottering, cooing like the doves in the wood, making a thousand sweet discoveries, followed by the luminous eyes, the heart full of bliss and tenderness, the greatest genius in France or perhaps existing in the world, embodied in the grandfather, who to these innocent creatures is half-god, half-man, their slave, their protector — are more exquisite than anything we can compare with them. This was in the year when he had been renewing the recollections of his most stormy days. He had written with vengeful pen of iron, cutting into his adversaries and meaning it — no mercy in him — the "Histoire d'un Crime."

But we love him better setting out upon his morning walk as if nothing but the morning and the peace of a new-awakened world was in his knowledge or in his heart.

Moi qu'un petit enfant rend tout à fait stupide, J'en ai deux; George et Jeanne; et je prend l'un pour guide

Et l'autre pour lumière, et j'accours à leur voix, Vu que George a deux ans, et que Jeanne a dix mois.

Leur essais d'exister sont divinement gauches; On croit, dans leur parole ou tremblent des ébauches

Voir un reste de ciel qui se dissipe et fuit; Et moi qui suis le soir, et moi qui suis la nuit, Moi dont le destin pâle et froid se décolore, J'ai l'attendrissement de dire: Ils sont l'aurore. Leur dialogue obscure m'ouvre des horizons; Ils s'entendent entr'eux, se donnent leur raisons,

Jugez comme cela disperse mes pensées En moi, désirs, projets, les choses insensées, Les choses sages, tout, à leur tendre lueur, Tombe et je ne suis plus qu'un bonhomme rêveur.

Je ne sens plus la trouble et secrète secousse Du mal qui nous attire, et du sort qui nous pousse.

Les enfants chancelants sont nos meilleurs appuis.

Je les regard, et puis je les écoute, et puis Je suis bon, et mon cœur s'apaise en leur présence,

J'accepte les conseils sacrés de l'innocence. Je fus toute ma vie ainsi: je n'ai jamais Rien connu, dans les deuils comme sur les sommets,

De plus doux qui l'oubli qui nous envahit l'ame Devant les êtres purs d'où monte une humble flamme,

Je contemple, en nos temps souvent noirs et ternis

Ce point du jour qui sort des berceaux et des nids.

Ces mots mystérieux que Jeanne dit à George, C'est l'idyll du cygne avec le rouge-gorge, Ce sont les questions que les abeilles font Et que le lys naïf pose au moineau profond; C'est ce dessous divin de la vaste harmonie Le chuchotement, l'ombre ineffable et bénie Jasant, balbutiant des bruits de vision Et peut-être donnant une explication; Car les petits enfants étaient hier encore Dans le ciel, et savaient ce que la terre ignore. O Jeanne! Georges! voix dont j'ai le cœur saisi!

Se les astres chantaient, ils begaieraient ainsi. Leur front tourné vers nous nous éclaire et nous dore.

Oh! d'où venez vous donc, inconnus qu'on adore?

Jeanne à l'air étonnée; George a les yeux hardis.

Ils trebuchent, encore ivres du paradis.

So speaks the grandfather, the old Homer of our days, upon the other edge of life. Why the altar should have been stripped, and the church desecrated to receive him who so spake and sang, who created Bishop Myriel, and made his great tragedy of the "Misérables" into the drama of a regenerated and Christian soul, who can tell? Here the fantastic element which distinguishes his nation — which runs through so many good and noble qualities, and emits from time to time a jarring and false note in the midst of the finest harmonies, an element which was strong in himself, and to some intelligences mars all his splendid labors, strikes out keen and shrill at the moment when it is least welcome. It was in him, therefore it is not inappropriate; and we cannot complain. But though this false note is there, it may now be quenched forever in the harmonies of the skies. It is vain to strip the altar; the consecration endures forever. His curses, which were uttered in the name of mercy, have already died away, as the curses of those whom he vituperated have died. At the



end, in the long vista of the ages, the sentence of the poet is reversed, and it is the good that men do that lives after them. Let the evil be interred along with that shriek of fantastic outrage which belongs to it, with the bones which are him no more. M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MR. VENABLES'S FIRST COUP.

WHEN Mr. Winstanley walked upstairs, Mr. Venables strolled off to the smoking-room. And as he sauntered along the passage, already he was meditating much over his good friend's autobiographical sketches, and the useful lessons that had been read to him. He thought quickly, and already had made up his mind that much was depending on some prompt course of action, and that he might make a great opportunity or miss it. "The old gentleman likes me; that is very clear,"—so ran his reflections; "and while his gratitude is warm, and we are living almost *en tête-à-tête*, he would very willingly do anything to help me. Once in London again, among his many distractions, to say the least of it, it is quite upon the cards that gratitude may cool into civility. But if I could only show him that I lay his teaching to heart, if I could make a *coup* on the spot and prove that I might possibly help him, then he would be likely to help me to some purpose, and I might be partner for life in the money-making firm of Winstanley & Venables. Thank heaven, I have that £10,000 to start with! But I am at Oban, and at the back of the world, worse luck, where I have every sort of facility for dreaming, but no chance of doing anything to the purpose." So the sanguine flashes of his ambition died down in momentary despondency, as his fingers were on the handle of the smoking-room door.

Now, as it chanced, the Dunolly Arms Hotel was a rather peculiarly conducted establishment. The season at Oban is brief at the best, so that all the landlords are more or less autocratic. When families of tourists are scrambling for beds, in the fading sunsets of the long summer evenings, they will stoop to any servility to secure them. And necessarily the landlords, who are arbiters of their fates, abuse the advantages of their right of se-

lection. But Mr. M'Alpine of the Dunolly Arms was a despot among despots. A benevolent despot, it is true, with a kindly nature at bottom; but rough of manner and blunt in speech. Like Winstanley, he was an enthusiastic patron of the fine arts, and his public rooms and passages were hung with paintings and sketches, many of them of no inconsiderable merit, executed by artists he had entertained and befriended. He paid fair prices, when he did not take paintings in exchange for board and lodgings in the dead season; he sold these paintings again when he had the chance, and generally got back his money. He could afford to wait for it, as he could afford to lose it. Mr. M'Alpine was a small, wiry Celt, with a snarl at the corners of the lips, contradicted by a pair of kindly grey eyes, which seemed to say that his bark was worse than his bite. His domestic laws were like those of the Medes and Persians—especially that which forbade tobacco anywhere except in the regular smoking-room. No doubt he knew very well on which side his bread was buttered, and, being pecuniarily independent, could afford to persist in a system which remunerated him handsomely in the long run. And if he showed the wealthy Mr. Winstanley a certain consideration, it was more from sympathy with him as a well-known *connoisseur* in the arts, than from the idea that he might possibly become a purchaser of some of the masterpieces on the walls. Winstanley's valet had been blowing his master's trumpet: Jack Venables was always ready to talk with any one who either amused or instructed him; and M'Alpine was a well-informed man, with the local knowledge at his finger-ends. Jack had made great way in his good graces by showing him the pocket-book with the clever scratchings of the shipwreck. Old M'Alpine chuckled and criticised; he laughed especially at a portrait of Mr Winstanley in his ulster, sitting with turned-up trousers in the chair, amid the sea-wreck, the salt water, and the limpets,—a clever study, which, by the way, the sketcher had never submitted to its subject: so that had not Jack been seemingly a gentleman of good estate, M'Alpine would assuredly have given him a commission.

And now Jack had passed the threshold of the door, and was peering through the haze of tobacco-smoke, fragrantly flavored from beakers of steaming toddy, when the well-known accents of the host welcomed him out of the mist.

"Step this way, Mr. Venables; here's a chair for you, sir." And with unheard-of condescension, at which a knot of cronies opened their eyes, M'Alpine rose from the depths of an American rocking-chair and pushed it towards the new-comer. Jack thanked him, protested, and accepted, with an easy grace, which brought M'Alpine's allies metaphorically to his feet, and perhaps, in a measure, impressed the great man himself. For though nothing could be pleasanter than Mr. Venables's manner, somehow he had the knack of keeping his inferiors at arm's length, while treating them with encouraging familiarity; and while swearing he was the best fellow in the world, they would hardly have cared to take a liberty with him.

Jack called for refreshment, and handed round his cigar-case. "Don't let me interrupt you," he said, lying back easily in his chair; and one of the party, who had been primed with sundry tumblers, took him at his word, and continued the conversation.

Jack sat listening abstractedly, when suddenly he pricked his ears. A burly townsman was discoursing about sundry land lots, which he asserted to be going for a song, in the outskirts of the thriving watering-place.

"I wonder now that you don't make a bid for them yourself, Mister M'Alpine. The town is bound to grow; and ye ken well that before now, Dunclaverty has been getting £40 — ay, £50 — for his feus to the wast. I believe that these would fetch as much, were you to bid your time: anyway, if ye got but half the money, ye'd turn a pretty penny on them. It's the truth; and, Mr. Baxter, I appeal to you now, sir?" addressing himself to the gentleman next him.

Mr. Baxter muttered something that might pass for an assent; and even M'Alpine, who was often contradictory from sheer "cussedness," as the Americans say, did not seriously dispute the proposition. He contented himself with grumbling that he had more ground already than he well knew what to do with; and that when a man meant to add a wing, and maybe a stable-yard, to his hotel, it behoved him to see to the balance at his bankers. And so it chanced that the conversation was changed when Mr. Venables had asked some casual questions, apparently more out of politeness than for any better reason.

As a rule, he took things easily in the mornings; but next day he was up and about betimes. Finding M'Alpine admir-

ing his flower-beds, Jack praised the carnations and picotees, and offered him some rare cuttings from Sussex. Then, easily passing from flowers to shrubs and scenery and land lots, he resumed the talk of the night before to more practical purpose. Subsequently he extended his stroll along the beach, and surveyed certain sunny stretches of the shore, with an eye to house sites and ornamental gardening. He came back with an appetite, and fortified himself with an excellent breakfast. Still indefatigable, he went out again; and was closeted for a couple of hours with a lawyer and bank agent, who, although he set a very sufficient value on his time, after dragging out title deeds and plans from sundry tin boxes, insisted on escorting his visitor to the outer door of his office. And a little later, Mr. Venables, with the *déjà-gé* air that sat so naturally on him, strolled into the private sitting-room, in which the companion of his travels was dawdling over a late French breakfast. After a few observations of course, he went straight to his point.

"And now, sir, if it won't interfere with your digestion, I have come to you for a piece of advice. The fact is, I am thinking of transacting a bit of business, and no one can counsel me better than you."

"Spoil my digestion! Quite the contrary. There is something refreshing in the sound of business, when weeks of idleness are ending in *ennui* — or would have ended in *ennui*, at least, had it not been for your charity and good company. Really, you excite my curiosity besides. What business can you possibly have to transact in this place? For when you were kind enough to tell me all about your affairs the other day, I thought we agreed that the investment of that money of yours was to stand over for our future consideration."

Jack liked the sound of the "our;" it was pleasantly suggestive of the speculative partnership he was contemplating.

"So we did, sir, and so I had intended. But chances will turn up, as you know, in strange places; and something suggested itself last night, which I have been inquiring into this morning."

Then he told his tale, and produced the memorable pocket-book. There were some figures in pencil on one of the pages, which Winstanley examined with considerable interest, and which were the summing up of the case that Jack submitted.

"It looks well on paper, I must confess," said Winstanley. "But of course all depends on prospective value; and you are locking up your money, remember that. But 'always distrust a vendor' is a golden rule. Why does this Mr. Campbell, your lawyer's principal, wish to sell? He should know the worth of his prospects as well as anybody."

"It is not he, it is his creditors. They are getting impatient for their money, and decline to wait any longer. And M'Alpine and the other men last night, who never dreamed of me as a possible purchaser, agreed that there was no one on the spot with cash ready to pay down. If things are as straightforward as they seem, it appears to me that I can lose nothing, and may make a good deal. I should borrow a part of the purchase money on mortgage, and merely pay down the difference. My lawyer friend undertook to have all that arranged for me. And then I see no sort of reason why I should not develop the property at once on a considerable scale. They are shrewd enough here, but scarcely speculative. Why not launch an Esplanade and Hydro-pathic Company?—with a palace crowning that promontory there, and standing in its terraced gardens. You know something of the views, from the windows, and how one might make them tell in the prospectus. The landlocked bay, with the shipping riding at anchor; the rugged cliffs of Kerrera; the emerald verdure of Lismore; the giant mountains of Glen Etive and the land of Lorne looking down on the lochs that lie sleeping in their shadows,—I see it all, sir; don't you?"

"Hum! perhaps!" ejaculated Winstanley doubtfully. But it struck Mr. Jack that he objected for form's sake, and that he was inclined to listen to the voice of the charmer.

"Getting out a good company, and arranging the preliminary terms so as to make certain of a fair profit on the launch, is confoundedly delicate work, my young friend. You may believe a man who has had some experience of company making."

"No doubt, sir. But that is just where a few hints from your experience would be invaluable, and I don't think you will grudge me them."

"But, my good friend, you don't think of doing all that sort of thing yourself,—with your £10,000, and—excuse me—with your inexperience?"

"I have hardly had time to think about it as yet; and if I decide that I am hardly

likely to be out of pocket in any case, the first thing to be done is to secure the property. I have my reasons for risking something. After all, if I lose, I am no worse off than I was a few weeks ago; if I win, why—not but what I shall count the chances carefully. I believe, for example, that if I saw my way, my uncle Moray, who is rich, would be ready and willing to stand by me. I was loath to apply to him *in forma pauperis*, but I should be glad to ask his support in a promising speculation. Nor do I despair of enlisting our worthy landlord; and let me tell you, that M'Alpine would be a veritable tower of strength in Oban here, where his foot is on his native heath. As for you, sir, you have already promised me your advice; so you see that the betting may possibly be in my favor."

Winstanley drummed reflectively on the table with his fingers; then he got up and walked to the window, which commanded a view of those picturesque slopes in which Jack Venables proposed to sink his capital.

"It is certainly a magnificent landscape," he observed reflectively; "and the air and the ozone, and all that, ought to be of prime quality."

Jack, for his part, was musing aloud. "I can't conceive why that angle of the estate to the back of the railway station has not been bought long before now by the company. They *must* want it sooner or later. It is the very place for a wharf over the deep water, with rails laid down for landing sheep and cattle. I should never sell it outright for a penny under £4,000."

In a moment or two Winstanley turned round abruptly.

"Do you think that lawyer acquaintance of yours will be at home?"

"Sure to be, sir, I should say. He dines at two—so he informed me; and now it is barely one."

"Then, if you don't mind, and as you have done me the honor of consulting me, we will walk along and have another interview. There are one or two points which, for your sake, I should be glad to have cleared up."

The lawyer never dined at two that day. He was persuaded to join the English gentlemen in their private sitting-room at 7.30, at the Dunolly Arms. When he had gone, his gracious host seemed somewhat embarrassed and preoccupied. So much so, that Mr. Venables, feeling puzzled and ill at ease, proposed to say good night, and go down to the smoking-room. But

when he rose and held out his hand, Winstanley motioned him back to his seat. He was graver than was his wont, yet there was no mistaking the kindness of his manner. As for Jack, his heart beat quicker than usual: he felt there was something serious to be mooted.

Winstanley hummed and hesitated; then he spoke abruptly, like a man ashamed of his hesitation, and resolved, at some risk of misconstruction, to put matters on a straightforward footing.

"You know I like you, Venables; you know I am indebted to you for a great service; and you know that I fully intended to help you. And I believe you like me quite well enough to be willing to accept any service I could offer you. But, to own the truth, you have been rather too quick for me. You've forced my hand in a manner. As for this scheme of yours — to be candid — I think it both a wise and a foolish one. There's money to be made, almost to a certainty — by a man who had money to spare and could afford to watch his opportunities. Indeed I am so far convinced of that, that I mean to make you a proposal. But on the other hand, speculation is speculation; and those pretty ideas of yours are intensely speculative, for a fellow with a mere trifle of capital. No man in your position can promote companies profitably — to his own advantage, that is to say — for the pikes will swallow the minnows. And at best, it would be absolute folly in the circumstances putting all your eggs into this one basket. Now I dare say that, in the brilliancy of your speculative genius, you think, you are carrying your eggs to a golden market, and might distrust any one who volunteered to share the venture."

Jack made a gesture of eloquent negation.

"Oh yes — you may protest; but whatever may be your opinion now, be sure that your second thoughts would be suspicious. I have more than hinted my fears of misconstruction, and now I shall speak out what is in my mind. You have had a happy thought about those Oban land lots, and I should be sorry to see them slip through your fingers. I am far from saying that with money sufficient and with patience, those dreams of yours may not be realized. But believe me, that I think I am doing you a real service, instead of robbing you of legitimate gains, when I frankly offer to share the venture. Take what proportion you will, and leave me the remainder. I may add," and here Winstanley threw significance into the

words, "that you shall be no loser by accepting my offer."

Knowing, as we do know, Jack's sanguine temperament and secret mind, I need scarcely say that when his elderly friend had finished the formal speech, he scarcely knew whether he was sitting in a chair or balancing himself on the back. In the course of twenty-four hours his suddenly inspired *coup* had succeeded beyond his utmost hopes. Come what might of this Oban affair — and he firmly believed in it — the solidarity of Winstanley and Venables had become a reality. He fancied he might carry those sprats of his to a good market in Oban; but in any case, with ordinary good fortune, his future was assured. He saw a career of successful speculation before him: he might propose to his cousin Grace when next he met her; and if it were arranged that they must wait for a year or two, why, he was content to be patient. Now that marriage seemed well within his reach, he was persuaded that he was deeply in love with his cousin; but then, when doubts and fears are changing into certainties, there is delight in dallying with coming felicity. As for Leslie's rivalry, time might have worked in favor of that gentleman; but promptitude on his own part would nip any of the hopes that Leslie could scarcely have begun to cherish. So thinking, he gradually composed himself; and then, by a natural association of ideas, he remembered Moray's offers of introductions in China.

Naturally, in his mood of confidence, he reminded Winstanley of them. Now Winstanley, like Jack, was essentially a man of impulse, and of single ideas on which he would concentrate for the time the full flashes of his intelligence. He was thinking of indulging the luxury of gratitude, and forwarding the views of this young man, who would be a creditable and profitable *protégé*. He dreamed of playing the game of ambition at second-hand in his decline, and using both political and financial influence in Venables's favor. So, as was sometimes a habit of his, he thought aloud, and said, —

"My dear boy, your going out to the East would be a mistake. You will do a great deal better at home, to say nothing of living in place of existing."

Before the words were well out of his lips, Jack Venables had thanked him with unfeigned gratitude; and grasping his hand with a pressure that clenched the alliance, had effected his escape into the open air. And although Jack had acted

for once without the slightest *arrière pensée*, he could scarcely have played his cards better. He wanted to be alone and to think; to revel in the prospects brightening before him; to walk himself off his legs in the sea-air, and relieve the lungs that seemed to be overcharged. While Winstanley, left to his solitary reflections, realized the responsibility he had accepted. In stepping between this lad and his wealthy uncle — in setting down his foot on a scheme which promised ultimate wealth — he had virtually charged himself with the care of his future. So that, after all, it was well he could say to himself in sincerity that he by no means regretted what he had done, although somewhat ashamed of having so hastily committed himself beyond honorable retraction.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MORAY GOES INTO THE CONFSSIONAL.

LEAVING Winstanley and his young companion to continue their journey to the south, where we shall meet them again ere many months are over, we return to the inmates of Glenconan. Moray had made all the arrangements for the round of visits of which he had spoken to his nephew; and it must be confessed that Grace was looking forward to them with pleasure. She might be "a perfect woman nobly planned," as Leslie thought, and had once ventured to tell her. But she was not a bit "too good for human nature's daily food," and he was very glad to think so. She knew very well she was attractive, and she loved to make herself agreeable. Though no coquette, she did not disdain conquests — what girl who is worth her salt ever did? As yet she had really seen nothing of society, and she was willing enough to make preparations for the coming campaign. Her cousin Jack, though no ascetic in a general way, would probably have disapproved her correspondence with Madame Antoinette of Bond Street, and cut down the orders for costumes. The dazzling visions his artistic imagination would have conjured up, of virgin beauty in billowy white, like a purer Cytherean Venus rising from the sea-foam, were not to be for him. As for Leslie, who never gave his confidence by halves, characteristically he trusted the sweet refinement of her taste, and was pleased with anything that gave her pleasure. Were she ever to be his wife — and perhaps Grace felt that in such trifles more than in graver things — he would assuredly be at once the most trustful and

generous of husbands. Not that as yet there was anything in the least serious between them; but a girl like Grace, of course, will have her dreams — especially in such solitudes as those of Glenconan; and when her fancy peopled some future home, now she might occasionally think of Leslie as its master.

Grace's interest in her toilets was very natural, and Leslie looked on and listened benevolently when she was reading notes written to London aloud to her father; nay, he even volunteered suggestions as to garnitures and trimmings, which were generally more poetical than practical. But Moray's behavior puzzled him: it seemed so strangely inconsistent. He knew his uncle to be one of the most liberal of men; it was certain that he doted on his only daughter. He had given her *carte blanche* to send for what she pleased — for, like Leslie, he had confidence in her taste and discretion; and yet it appeared to the young man that he sometimes actually grudged her things. It was a metaphysical problem that Leslie was curious to solve, for he did not like to feel anything but respect for his uncle; and had Venables been there to talk with, he might have enlisted his shrewdness in attempting to come to a satisfactory conclusion.

"My uncle," he said to himself, "is a man of sense and firmness; and if he wished his daughter to be extremely simply dressed, he would say so frankly. But I am sure there is nothing of that in his mind; and indeed, if it were left to him, with his gorgeous Oriental reminiscences, I believe he would be inclined to overdress her. I remember how, much against her will, he made her come down one evening in cashmeres, and sparkling in his mother's diamonds. He is proud of her looks, as he well may be, and proud of her position as the heiress of Glenconan. That he is willing, with it all, to let her marry modestly, I can understand, for he seeks to assure her happiness before all things. And as he likes to see her happy, he tries hard to seem pleased when she is laughingly making much ado over one of those letters to the dressmakers. Could she see the cloud that overcasts his face the next moment, my word for it, that letter would never be sent. For once in their lives the two misunderstood each other; and I should be glad to get at the bottom of the mystery."

Had it been Jack Venables, he would have marked and inwardly observed, without letting his uncle suspect anything.



But Leslie was more deeply absorbed where he was interested; he gave far less thought to appearances; and more than once his uncle caught his steady and inquisitive gaze, while Leslie's obvious embarrassment, with an awkward habit of coloring up, emphasized the scrutiny somewhat unpleasantly. Moray, as we know, was frank to a fault, and, moreover, on the most friendly terms with his nephew, and he justly appreciated his judgment and character. Besides, he longed for a confidant; and being eager to relieve his mind, was screwed up to the explanatory point by his nephew's approaching departure. So it came about that one evening when Grace had gone to bed, he broached his subject and dashed into the middle of things. He laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and looked wistfully into his kindly eyes as if seeking for the sympathy he was sure to find.

"I have been occupying you a good deal lately, Master Ralph, and you are beginning to think you may have been mistaken in me."

"Not that, sir, believe me. But since you ask me, I may own that I see there is a mystery; and I should be very glad to have it cleared away, for many reasons, and as much for my cousin's sake as my own."

"That is the very reason why I have spoken. Cleared away the mystery shall be, and I have been longing to make a clean breast of it. Grace is more deeply concerned than myself; and I have sometimes thought she would be my safest counsellor. But then, as yet she knows nothing of the world; and the more innocent a woman is, the more certainly she will be swayed by the spirit of self-sacrifice and an over-sensitive generosity. Now you, although you are young, are enough of a man of the world to understand me; and you have been living long enough under my roof to make me recognize you for the soul of honor."

Leslie merely bowed. He was too much interested to interrupt; and after all, his conscience told him that his uncle only did him justice.

"To say the honest truth, if I have hesitated so long, it is because I feared you would pronounce in favor of my scruples; and then there would be a change in our circumstances—in Grace's future."

He paused, as if expecting Leslie to speak. But Leslie, all in the dark, did not know what to think. What he did say was, "I presume you mean that your fortune is somehow compromised; but I

fancied it had all been satisfactorily invested."

"So far as I know, my fortune is safe enough; certainly it is large enough. The most speculative of the investments are in sound bank-stocks. No; I may call myself a wealthy man, and that is precisely the cause of my trouble. You stare as well you may; and yet I assure you I am to be pitied. There has been a cloud cast over my cheerfulness ever since I came back from the East, with money enough to clear Glenconan and leave my girl a wealthy heiress. Do you remember that drive of ours from the railway station, to the house, when you and Venables came north with me? I don't know whether you chanced to remark anything, but he was quick enough to suspect. I have seldom looked forward to anything more than to that return to my family home, with the feeling that I had retrieved the family fortunes. It was like leaving the fevers of the jungles for the fresh air of the Highland hills; it was the beginning of a new life among the grouse and the deer, in the wild picturesqueness of my native glens. Yet a skeleton was sitting in the carriage, by way of bodkin between you and me: in the very moment of triumphant exhilaration, I seemed to hear the rattle of the bones. Talk of skeletons in cupboards: I suppose you may lock them away and forget them for a time. But as for mine, it has always been with me, more or less, of late; and as the hope that it would cease to haunt me dies away, I begin to think that something must be done to get rid of it."

Leslie was fairly taken aback: he sat in his chair, silent and expectant. He had made sure that his uncle had a trouble, but he had suspected nothing so serious as this. In the man who seemed moved from all his habitual self-restraint, and nerving himself to lay bare his innermost secrets, he scarcely recognized the cheery and well-preserved old Highlander, whose spirits should have been as equable as his digestion was sound. Surely his uncle must be the prey to some mad hallucination; for it was impossible to believe he had reason to be the victim of remorse. But whether it were really remorse or a hallucination was the question he was presently to be asked to decide.

There is no need to go into all the details of Moray's disclosures. Infinite worry as his mental anxieties had caused him, it was but a question of conscience or of casuistry, after all, and it lay in a nutshell. The first of the revelations that



surprised Leslie was, that the imperturbable composure of manner, which seemed to match so well with a constitution of iron, masked a temperament almost morbidly sensitive. Making a plunge into the confessional, Moray had opened the conversation abruptly.

"I said, a moment ago, that I considered you the soul of honor: frankly, and without compliments, what should you have said of me?"

"Why, surely, sir, the question is strangely unnecessary. I would stake my life and my own honor upon yours."

"I thought as much; and I do not say you are wrong. For many a long year I have never knowingly been guilty of an act with which I can reproach myself; and if I knew I had unwittingly injured any man, I would willingly make him restitution fourfold."

"I am persuaded of it, sir,—and so much so, that if you will forgive my impatience, I entreat of you to come to the point."

For Leslie, thinking of Grace, knew not what to imagine, and was inclined to fear the worst. He might be a fool, but was it possible that the life of his placid uncle could hide one of those terrible secrets or scandalous hypocrisies which one reads of in sensational novels, or in more sensational criminal trials? He must be a fool, and such a supposition was out of the question; but in that case his uncle was the victim of morbid insanity—and if so, it was scarcely better for Grace.

But Moray, speaking faster than was his habit, proceeded speedily to set his nephew's mind at ease.

The long and the short of the story was, that his conscience pricked him as to the beginnings of his fortune. And as the constant dropping of water will wear away a stone, so with that perpetual pricking his conscience had become ulcerated.

"I was young and poor when I went out to the East,—young and poor, adventurous and thoughtless. That is to say, I thought enough, when it was a question of devising and carrying out some hazardous but lucrative combination. But I thought of the end and of the means to it, and not of their manner or their morality. There is much to be said in extenuation, I know; but extenuation at best infers culpability. The tone of mercantile society was free and easy in the Chinese seaports; in the Straits Settlements, and in the Malay territories, the morality of the European traders was still more lax.

I did nothing that was not heartily approved by the representatives of our leading houses in China; my best strokes of business were suggested by men whose names have always stood above reproach. One success led on to another, and I was flattered by the praise bestowed on my lucky ventures. Gradually I shook myself loose from more questionable schemes, and launched out in strictly legitimate trade. But I can never forget that the best of my early hits were flagrant breaches of the Chinese revenue laws,—that I followed them up by certain trading transactions with Malay rajahs, which I scarcely think now would bear close investigation. I was no worse than anybody else; indeed I may say I was much better than many, for I had always my code of honor—and although it might be elastic, I strictly obeyed it. No, I can never reproach myself with knowingly acting dishonorably. But all the same, as I see things now, I doubt if I ought to have made the *coups* which began to enrich me. And now, Ralph, what do you say of it all?"

I have condensed a prolix explanation into a few brief sentences. Leslie could not help admiring the frankness with which his uncle made what was evidently a most trying confession. Yet it pained him to see the resolute man, who was in the habit of expressing opinions briefly and decidedly, as if they scarcely admitted a rejoinder, pleading hard for the lenient judgment which might save his conscience and reconcile him to himself. He was touched when Moray added, very unnecessarily, "Of course you will not breathe a whisper of this to Grace." He would have given much to have been able to speak offhand with such obvious conviction that his answer must have carried immediate comfort; but he could not collect himself sufficiently for that, and indeed he hardly knew what to say. The soul of honor, as his uncle had said, he had not lived in the Anglo-Chinese colonies five-and-twenty years before, nor could he put himself in so unfamiliar a position at a moment's notice. For himself, he would have been very sorry to have made his money by running opium, or by stretching points with semi-barbarians, even though those enterprises had left him with a fortune which would have entitled him to ask for his cousin straightway. Yet, on the other hand, he was so anxious to soothe his uncle's susceptibilities, that in giving an answer he rather compromised with his conscience. As

happens generally when we weakly steer a middle course, the trimming was unsatisfactory to both. Ralph said, somewhat hesitatingly, that as Moray had always acted for the best, he ought not to reproach himself with any peccadilloes he had committed; that the invariable and unimpeachable purity of his subsequent conduct should be a guarantee for his having acted with honorable intentions. Moray listened sadly, and shook his head. The answer did not give him the comfort he had hoped, and his excessive sensitiveness read between the lines, imagining more than was passing in his nephew's mind, and ignoring the difficulties that beset this young Daniel, called so suddenly to judgment. Naturally they talked on, going over and over the same ground, — till Leslie was really converted or persuaded into saying much that Moray would have had him say at the first. At least he warmed up so far as to declare that he thought his senior's scruples were rather fantastic; that, at all events, he could hardly make restitution to the government or the rajahs he fancied he might have wronged; and that he might set his mind at ease if he made a good use of his money.

"Ay, there it is!" said Moray. "It has often occurred to me that I might anticipate my death, and give away the bulk of my wealth in charity, or for philanthropical objects; though, having worked hard and cleared Glenconan, I confess I should like Grace to have that — and I think she honestly might in any case. But what merit would there be in so far impoverishing myself? If anybody were to suffer, it would be Grace, who would suffer vicariously. As for me, give me a quiet life here in the Highlands, and I should ask nothing better. But this is where the shoe pinches. If the money were fairly made, it is Grace's as much as mine; and if I part with it, I am easing my conscience at her expense, — which, as you must admit, would be both unmanly and dishonest. On the other hand, if I have really enriched myself by faults — not to say frauds — I ought to make restitution somehow and *coûte que coûte*."

"Precisely so," said Leslie; "but you have repeatedly used the word 'restitution,' and it appears to me to help us out of the dilemma. Supposing — I say, that supposing you are right in reproaching yourself, nevertheless you cannot restore your gains to the rightful claimants. I cannot imagine any conceivable way in which you could rationally set about it.

It follows, then, that you must keep your money, turn it to useful purposes while you live, and leave it behind you with a clear conscience to a child who is sure to follow in your footsteps."

"And that piece of advice," he thought, as he gave it, "is thoroughly disinterested; for it leaves obstacles in my way that might otherwise be removed. If Grace were to be poor, or only moderately rich, I think I should venture to try my fortunes with her on the moment."

Nor did Moray appear to be much better satisfied.

"I have a foreboding all the same," he remarked dejectedly, "that if I do as you suggest, or, in other words, do nothing, the matter will be taken out of my hands, and the difficulty before long will settle itself. And for myself, I cannot say I should be sorry. I think that all my investments are safe and solid; yet, mark my words, you will see that money slip through my fingers." Then, as if ashamed of himself and his superstition, he tried to give the conversation a brighter turn — not very successfully. "You know, my foster-mother came of a family that had the second-sight; and possibly she may have communicated the gift to her nursing."

Then, after a few moments' silence, he spoke abruptly and like his ordinary self, as if he had taken a resolution and was determined to act upon it.

"I shall rent a house in London for a year, from the end of the autumn. Grace must be introduced, and should go to a drawing-room next spring; and she may as well pass the winter in town. I trust we shall see you there; there are sure to be plenty of spare bedrooms."

Whereupon, without waiting for a reply, he shook hands, and walked out of the room, leaving his nephew to very grave reflections.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### MODERN CATHOLICS AND SCIENTIFIC FREEDOM.

A LOVE for the contemplation of living nature has existed amongst the most civilized nations in all ages, and amongst many nations which no one would call civilized. The pre-historic representations of the reindeer and the mammoth seem to speak to us of the existence of such a sentiment in very early times, and what is regarded as the oldest of our sacred books

is replete with evidences of careful observations of birds and beasts, as well as with references to phenomena of inanimate nature. The names of Aristotle, Albertus Magnus, and Humboldt stand out as representing an encyclopædic knowledge of and love for nature in classical, mediæval, and modern times. Nevertheless, such a love for nature, however delightful to those who felt it, and however indirectly influential on the welfare of populations and the general progress of men socially, could not be said to exercise any direct, plainly visible influence on the social and political condition of the world. It is otherwise now. Biology, the science which treats of living organisms—the natural history, that is, of animals and plants—a science which was once little more than an affair of taste, has now become a power, and its direct bearing on the happiness of human life is generally recognized. It is possible that in a cell of some remote Carthusian monastery which has hitherto escaped the destroying hand of revolution there may yet linger an aged monk who dreams that the study of animals and plants is still but an amusement for the *ingenious*, over and above some practical utility it may have for the practitioner of medicine. But no man who has any real acquaintance with the world and its ways can now be ignorant that biology has passed from the laboratories of men of science, through the boudoirs of fashion, to the cabinets of ministers and to popular platforms, there to exercise a direct influence on the government of States and the prosperity of Churches, an influence which the progress of democracy is likely to accelerate and to augment.

That this is no exaggerated statement of the facts is witnessed for by the words of men whose positions and antecedents afford a sufficient guarantee that they are not likely to overstate the claims of physical science, or to favor its prospects unduly to the detriment of anterior agencies and organizations.

Thus the Rev. Dr. Barry, a distinguished Catholic writer and former professor of divinity, has published\* the following noteworthy statements: "It is an undeniable fact that a priesthood of physical science now exists and has superseded, or is threatening to supersede, all other priesthoods; . . . and the multitude

. . . is now feeling, not vaguely, but with a fast growing consciousness, that the last word rests neither with priests nor philosophers, but with the profession of physics, or, as it is loosely termed, with science." If such is indeed the case—and my own experience strongly confirms the Rev. Dr. Barry's affirmation—then it is plainly high time that any clergy which would retain its influence should not only understand somewhat of biology, but be able to point to some recognized experts in that science amongst its members. Dr. Barry recognizes this need, and says\* that the clergy would not have come to occupy the less influential position they now do, had not Christian teachers betrayed their trust. "We are now," he continues, "in no small measure reaping the reward of our disdain of the 'things that are made,' to which St. Paul directed his gaze and that of his disciples when he would demonstrate the invisible things of God." He also forcibly points out that "a high authority in Rome, Father Palmieri, has remarked, with as much truth as point, in his 'Institutes of Philosophy,' that one of the greatest calamities of the last three centuries has been the neglect of the study of physical science by orthodox Christians."

But a voice which Catholics must regard as of all but the highest authority has recently issued from Rome, recommending to the clergy in no hesitating or doubtful terms the cultivation of science. That estimable and learned Benedictine, Cardinal Pitra, has published† an eloquent letter in the same sense. Therein he says:—

It is good that the clergy, who have in their theology the key to all sciences, should neglect none of them, and we ought also to have our specialists. . . . It is important that, with a rich store of the science of the sanctuary, the clergy should not be strangers to that other knowledge of which the world is proud. . . . There is in these studies, which are dry at first sight, pure and healthy delight, which grows towards enthusiasm in the measure in which one cultivates with perseverance the at first thorny field. It is well that the young clergy should consecrate their leisure and spare energy to these labors.

What makes this letter of even more value than its own intrinsic merit, is the obvious reflection that it would not have been published without the tacit approval

\* In a very admirable article entitled "The Battle of Theism," which appeared in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1884, p. 274. This article well deserves perusal by men of science, no less than by theologians.

\* Loc. cit., pp. 275-287.

† In the April number of a new series of a periodical called *Cosmos*.

of the learned pontiff now ruling over the Catholic Church, a pontiff who himself uttered the following memorable words in favor of the most scrupulous truthfulness and painstaking accuracy in the pursuit of historical science:—

It is hard to conceive how much harm may be done by a study of history devoted to party ends. . . . For it becomes not the guide of life, nor the light of truth, but the accomplice of vices and the agent of destruction. . . . Men are needed who will set themselves to write with the intention and aim of making known the truth in all fulness and strength. . . . The first law of history is to dread uttering falsehood; the next is not to fear stating the truth; lastly, that the historian's writings should be open to no suspicion of partiality or of animosity. (Letter of Leo XIII., dated the 18th of August, 1883.)

The aim of the first contributions which I had the honor to make to this review—that is, to the review which, with another title, was published under the same editorial care—was to show the compatibility which I believed, and believe, to exist between the most advanced science and the most orthodox Christianity. As a faithful student of that science which from my earliest years has had an insuperable attraction for me, I have ever been careful to abate no jot or tittle of the just claims of biology. As a loyal son of the Catholic Church I have been no less careful not to put forward one statement in the interests of conciliation which had not received the sanction of well-known and universally esteemed experts in theology. Having thus ventured to assume the responsible position of such a peacemaker upon certain very definite grounds, I should feel bound in honor and honesty to withdraw my apology and confess myself to have been mistaken if through new scientific discoveries, or fresh dogmatic decisions, those grounds ceased in my opinion to be capable of sustaining my argument. No man can be either truly scientific or truly religious who does not set truth pure and simple above every other consideration, whatever it may be.

Now since the publication of the article above referred to, certain more or less authoritative statements have been made in a sense hostile to my own views, which seem to demand some notice at my hands, as, if they were well founded and if the Catholic Church were really committed to such statements, then I should, however unintentionally, have been guilty of misleading readers who have accepted my statements as valid.

A very remarkable article\* by the Rev. Jeremiah Murphy has been recently published in an ecclesiastical periodical, which, I am told, is regarded as having much weight and importance. Therein that gentleman does me the honor to criticise my views as to evolution in general, and as to the evolution of man's body in particular. I have to thank him for the courteous way in which he expresses himself in my regard, but he none the less condemns most uncompromisingly all those points the possibility of which I especially desired to establish. Thus he altogether denies that Catholics are free to hold the doctrine that the body of the first man was naturally evolved by the same ordinary secondary laws which have (in the judgment of every one competent to offer an opinion on the subject) evolved the bodies of his fellow-animals.

He tells us that †

in testing the orthodoxy of this theory there is, happily, no need to discuss orchids and troglodytes, or the various families of the Lemuridæ. . . . We can apply to it the unerring rule, "quod semper, ubique, etc.;" and if, tested by this rule, Mr. Mivart's theory be found wanting, then his scientific speculations must be unsound. . . . We may not be able to point to a solemn definition . . . but this is by no means necessary. For if the immediate formation of the bodies of our first parents be asserted by the voice of the *ordinary magisterium* of the Church, then are we as strictly bound to believe it as if it had been defined by a General Council, or by a Pope teaching *ex cathedra*.

He then refers to the constitution Dei Filius of the Vatican Council, to Pius the Ninth's letter to the Archbishop of Munich, and to the twenty-second proposition of the Syllabus, and continues:—

Now the theologians and teachers of the Catholic Church assert with the most extraordinary unanimity the *immediate formation* of the bodies of our first parents, and such unanimous teaching is, according to the Vatican Council and Pius the Ninth, obligatory upon us, and consequently we are not free to hold the evolution theory even with reference to the body of the first man.

So direct, so precise, so circumstantial is the Scriptural account of man's creation, that, if the evolution theory were true, the sacred writers, if they intended to deceive us, could not have chosen language better calculated to effect that end: "And the Lord God *formed*

\* Entitled "Evolution and Faith." It appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for December, 1884, pp. 756-767.

† Evolution and Faith, pp. 760, 761, and 765-767.

man out of the slime of the earth" (Genesis). "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me" (Job). Now the ordinary meaning of such texts (and they are very numerous) is unquestionably the *immediate formation* by God of the bodies of Adam and Eve. And on this ordinary meaning we can insist, unless the evolutionists show that there is sufficient reason for departing from it. *This they have not done*; and consequently the *prima facie* Scriptural view of man's creation need not be abandoned.\*

Mr. Murphy cites a variety of theologians, ancient and modern, against me. Against them, one named "Punch," a distinguished Irish theologian; also Perrone, Ubaldi, Mazzella, Lamy, and Jungman of Louvain, the two latter being said to "hold that the application of the evolution theory even to plants and animals mentioned in Genesis is incompatible with the true meaning of the text."

He further says:—

Are we then to abandon the faith of all past ages for the dreamings of a few would-be philosophers of the present day who are blinded by excessive light? Are we to bend and strain Revelation to suit the speculations of even well-meaning men? The Catholic Church welcomes every fresh accession of knowledge; she blesses and honors the votaries and promoters of real science; but she reminds them, in the language of Pius the Ninth,† that in their search for knowledge Revelation must be their guiding star. The Church has seen many enemies, has witnessed many revolutions, has braved many storms; and wherever science, falsely so-called, clashes with her deposit of faith, she greets it with bold defiant front. She does not tolerate it, nor does she fear it. And from the issue of such conflicts in the past we can well infer what shall be the issue of any such in the future. When many of the biological speculations of our time will have gone down into the grave in which Gnosticism lies mouldering, forgotten, the Church of God will be what she has ever been since her foundation, the sole faithful, fearless witness, teacher, and guardian of all revealed truth. That some of the advocates of evolution mean well to the Church is quite certain; but the adoption of this theory by Catholics is "a new fashion of an old sin." It is an instance of a tendency that is becoming too common—that of minimizing Catholic doctrine; of diluting it, so as to suit the tactics of a class of persons from whom the Church has nothing to expect and nothing to fear‡

My own statements he expressly and

\* Surely because a thing "need not be abandoned," it does not follow that others should be *forbidden* to abandon it.

† In his 1863 letter to the Archbishop of Munich.

‡ As if the prospect of either might be an adequate motive for modifying a doctrine irrespective of its truth or falsehood!

emphatically contradicts, saying: \* "Now in the face of this consensus of Catholic teaching, what becomes of the boasted "orthodoxy" of the evolution theory? What becomes of the assertion, "that the strictest Ultramontane Catholics are perfectly free to hold the doctrine of evolution"? referring to words of mine which were first addressed to the readers of this review.† Thus addressed, I feel that as an honest man anxious not even passively to minister to untruth, I have no choice but to accept Mr. Murphy's challenge, and, after carefully weighing his words and my own, to publicly retract or reaffirm my position according to the value I believe due to his denunciations.

For his denunciations have a very formidable sound, and the words of the various authorities referred to by him would have to be respectfully considered *seriatim*, were it not for a certain "previous question."

As the matter stands, however, I have not even the smallest intention of considering them, of disputing the aptness of Mr. Murphy's quotations, or questioning his accuracy as to the meanings he assigns to the authorities on whom he relies. Neither will I seek to controvert the justness of his deductions from the principles he lays down, and still less will I retract what I have advanced. I will do none of these things, because I think that his premisses and principles are demonstrably false, and that his judgments, therefore, need be of no concern whatever to those persons who in addition to scientific knowledge possess some acquaintance with the history of the seventeenth century. I will do my best to show that such is the case, not only because I feel I owe such a demonstration to any persons who may have been influenced by my former publications, but also because, if unrefuted, Mr. Murphy may obtain the, by him certainly, most undesired success of persuading some lovers of nature that there is an incompatibility between biological science and Christian dogma, and that Church membership, therefore, is no longer a possibility for them. But, in fact, the position assumed by Mr. Murphy is one only too familiar to us, and familiarity with it has not bred esteem for it. He has, indeed, but ranged himself amongst the ever-recurring band of obstructives who always turn out to have been in the wrong: amongst such as in

\* Loc. cit., p. 765.

† Though he refers to them as given in my "Lessons from Nature," p. 430.



the first age of the Church upheld the belief in a speedy end to the world; who afterwards denied the existence of antipodes; who, later, opposed the liberalism of St. Thomas Aquinas and the other advocates of Aristotle; who subsequently declared that to affirm the earth's motion and the sun's stability was heresy; and who denounced as usurers the individuals who timidly began to develop the great modern system of finance and commercial credit. Such objections as his were brought forward again and again to oppose the promulgators of all the truths or economical improvements which such narrow-minded obstructives decried or impeded.

And here some of those persons who were ever opposed to such apologies as mine may not unreasonably exclaim, "And these ecclesiastical obstructives have spoken with an authority which all true and consistent Catholics are bound to respect, and therefore there is after all a radical and insuperable antagonism between science and the Church!" At the risk, however, of being thought to deal in paradox, I reply that, as circumstances have turned out, it is the very distinctness and authority with which scientific truths have been condemned which make secure, beyond all possibility of question, the complete scientific freedom of sincere Catholics who are logical and will not shut their eyes to God's teaching through the history of his Church. That such is the case I will shortly endeavor to make plain. Before doing so, however, I would say a few words to those who may feel impatient at being called upon to consider such a question at all, and who think that it can be a matter of no consequence to them, or to the progress of the world, what Catholics may or may not hold to be incumbent on their acceptance and belief. I would ask such persons to bear in mind how large is the number of most estimable men and women who still bow down their consciences before that great ecclesiastical tribunal whose president rules from the Vatican, and to reflect that it must be a gain to science, and therefore to the welfare and progress of mankind, if such men and women can be made aware that the most scrupulous loyalty to their religion is perfectly compatible with the freest speculation and most untrammelled advance in every field of science without exception.

For science tends to suffer from a mistake as to this matter. I know a priest now living (much esteemed, and who often

teaches from a London pulpit) who lately avowed his belief that the sun and the whole sidereal heavens do actually revolve round the earth every twenty-four hours; adding that he believed this because he considered that the Church was committed to that view by its decision with respect to Galileo. I also knew another very excellent priest, for a time the head of a college, who exclaimed to me, "How glorious it would be if it should turn out after all that the sun did move round the earth, and that the Church had therefore been all this time in the right about the matter!" The influence of such convictions not only on the minds of those who possess them, but also on those subject to their authority, must tend to produce a distaste for physical science, and must every now and then divert some probably fruitful mind from following scientific pursuits; while, on the other hand, the influence of such priests as Father Secchi, Father Perry, F.R.S., Father David, Father Hahn, Father Klein, F.L.S., the Rev. Dr. Barry, the Rev. Robert F. Clarke, F. L. S., the Rev. Gordon Thompson, and many more that I could name, would tend to promote a love for physical science, and to direct towards that field of ever-fruitful labor, minds which but for such influence might have been directed to commercial pursuits.

Thus not only religion, but science, would have suffered if the conviction of their scientific freedom was not felt by Catholics. For eminent biologists, at the same time sincere Catholic laymen, were till lately, or are still, living amongst us, such as John Müller, Schwann (the originator of the great "cell" theory), J. Andrew Wagner, Delpino, Van Beneden, and Gaudry. There are also to my knowledge Catholics, both laymen and ecclesiastics, whose names are not generally known, but who are devoted to the pursuit not only of physical but of biological science. It seems, therefore, plainly to the advantage of science in the future, as well as in the past, that no needless supposition opposed to the perfect intellectual freedom of Catholics should be permitted to subsist.

That such perfect intellectual freedom does exist can, I think, be unanswerably demonstrated by a careful consideration of the memorable conflict between science and ecclesiastical authority in the past. That conflict was in many respects similar to the contest which now exists between the teaching of the most competent biologists on the one hand, and that of



such theologians as the Rev. Jeremiah Murphy and his allies, together with the cloud of witnesses and authorities he quotes, on the other.

For a most instructive parallelism exists between the opposition of our present ecclesiastical obstructives to evolution, and that offered by their predecessors to Copernicanism, although no authoritative declarations against evolution can be cited which are nearly so strong as those which could be brought forward against the views of Galileo by his opponents. I would refer my readers to a very remarkable and able work by the Rev. W. W. Roberts, which has just been published by Messrs. Parker and Co. Therein he points out the incompleteness and consequent error of the article on Galileo in that generally most excellent work, the "Catholic Dictionary," and proves how utterly untenable are the views which were propounded and the position taken up by the late Dr. Ward, in the *Dublin Review*, with respect to Galileo. The following quotations are from the recently published work here referred to:—

In the year 1615, Cardinal Bellarmine, writing to Father Foscarini, the Carmelite, said:—

You are aware that the Council of Trent forbids us to interpret Scripture in a sense opposed to the consent of the Holy Fathers; and if your paternity will read, I do not say only the Holy Fathers, but also modern commentators on Genesis, the Psalms, Ecclesiastes, Josue, you will find that they all adhere to the literal exposition that the sun is in the heaven, and revolves round the earth with very great velocity, and that the earth is very far from the heaven, and remains immovable in the centre of the universe. Consider with yourself as a man of prudence whether the Church can permit Scripture to be interpreted in a sense opposed to the mind of the Holy Fathers and all modern commentators.

In 1616 the Sacred Congregation of the Index made, as every one knows, a solemn decree about "that false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether opposed to the divine Scripture, on the mobility of the earth and the immobility of the sun," by which the works of Copernicus and others were placed on the Index. But there is much more of ecclesiastical authority than this against that Copernicanism which every one now accepts as a demonstrated truth of science. By order of Pope Urban the Eighth, the Inquisition formally promulgated certain statements for the express purpose that Catholic men of science might be informed what they were to hold

on this subject. These statements were as follows:—

That the sun is the centre of the universe and immovable from its place is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture.

That the earth is not the centre of the universe nor immovable, but that it moves and also has diurnal motion, is absurd, philosophically false, and, theologically considered, is at least erroneous in faith.

In the sentence pronounced on Galileo by the Inquisition we read:—

Invoking the most Holy Name of our Lord Jesus Christ and that of His most glorious mother Mary ever Virgin, by this our definitive sentence we say, pronounce, judge, and declare that you, the said Galileo, on account of the things proved against you by documentary evidence, and which have been confessed by you as aforesaid, have rendered yourself to this Holy Office vehemently suspected of heresy—that is, of having believed and held a doctrine which is false and contrary to the sacred and divine Scriptures—to wit, that the sun is in the centre of the world, and that it does not move from east to west, and that the earth moves and is not the centre of the universe; and that an opinion can be held and defended as probable after it has been declared and defined to be contrary to Holy Scripture.

Galileo himself was compelled to say, "With a sincere heart and faith unfeigned, I abjure, curse, and detest the above-named errors and heresies."

Finally, Pope Alexander the Seventh, in 1664, by his bull, "*Speculatores Domus Israel*," confirmed and approved the prohibitions contained in the former decrees of the Congregation of the Index, which had been published in 1616.\*

Now it is just possible that some thoughtless objector may say that when authority declared Galileo's opinions to be contrary to Scripture and the unanimous consent of the fathers, all that was meant was that they contradicted the *letter*, and not necessarily the *spirit* of Scripture and the fathers. But it is as clear as daylight that no papal or other authority was needed to declare that contradiction as regards the *letter*. That was conceded on both sides. It was Scripture regarded as the "word of God" which was in question, otherwise how could contradicting it be *heresy*? Galileo was suspected of holding the Copernican theory, and *therefore* of *heresy*. "I am," he was made to say, "suspected of *heresy*, that is, that I

\* This fact has been discovered and published for the first time by the Rev. W. W. Roberts. (See his work before referred to.)

hold that the earth moves and that the sun does not;" and, to make the matter quite clear in the "monition," it was expressly stated that Copernicus was suspended because his principles were contrary to Scripture and its true and Catholic interpretation.

Another objector may urge that the decision was on a matter outside those subjects as to which infallibility has been given to supreme ecclesiastical authority — outside, that is, the *depositum fidei* — and that it concerned a matter of science, not of "faith and morals." But this, again, may be replied to very shortly. For when a judge decides a point, he, *ipso facto*, decides that it is within his province to judge concerning it. What is or is not within the supreme authority's province to decide must be known to that authority. An infallible authority must know the limits of its revealed message. If authority can make a mistake in determining its own limits, it may make a mistake in a matter of faith.

Now, what is the upshot of these twin condemnations of the seventeenth and of the nineteenth centuries, and these parallel repudiations by ecclesiastical authorities of the teachings of science? What is their bearing on the duties of Catholic men of science generally — whether they be students of astronomy, geology, biology, history, or Biblical criticism? Significant, indeed, is that upshot, and most important that bearing.

I have often heard it exclaimed, "How providential was that divine influence which guarded the pope from addressing to the universal Church any decree formally excommunicating all adherents of Copernicanism thenceforth for all time!"

Viewing these events, however, in the light of our present knowledge, Catholics may far more thankfully exclaim: "How providential was that divine permission by which such ecclesiastical authorities were allowed to fall into such egregious errors!"

But what was the real nature of these errors? It has often been audaciously affirmed that Galileo was condemned for proposing an unorthodox interpretation of Scripture, and that authority made no judgment concerning physics, and took no action which impeded the development of science.

But the exact contrary to this is the very truth. Ecclesiastical authority *did* give a judgment directly affecting physics, and which impeded scientific progress. It went therefore *ultra vires*, but it did

much more than that. It founded its erroneous decree affecting physical science, which was *not* its own province, upon an erroneous judgment about the meaning of Scripture,\* which was universally supposed to be its own province. In this important matter it was the man of science that was right and ecclesiastical authority that was wrong. The latter sought to impose, and more or less succeeded in imposing, an erroneous belief as to God's word, from which erroneous belief science has delivered us. It is true that all opposition to Copernicanism has now ceased, but authority has not yet confessed and apologized for its mistaken action with respect to Galileo and Copernicus.† Catholics, however, have now much cause to be thankful for such acts, however much they may be inclined to reprobate them; for it is those very acts, seen in the light of subsequent history, which have relieved them at once and forever from a burden which would, but for such relief, be intolerable.

The men of science were indeed contented with respectfully disregarding Scriptural expressions, seeing that some of them in their literal sense were as inconsistent with the physics of St. Thomas as with the physics of Galileo, and they therefore regarded such expressions as unimportant to religion. But it was ecclesiastics who would not be content with this, but who insisted that they were important to religion, and believed they were themselves divinely commissioned to declare their true meaning, which they therefore attempted to fix. By this course of action they have succeeded in demonstrating not only our freedom with respect to such passages of Scripture, but also, what they little deemed of, our freedom, as good Catholics, with respect to ecclesiastical decrees also. The moderation of Galileo and his good sense are indeed remarkable, considering the era in which he lived. In his letter to Christina, the grand duchess of Tuscany, he says (I give Mr. Drinkwater's translation): —

I am inclined to believe that the intention

\* Strange to say, this pregnant fact was never called attention to before the publication of the Rev. W. W. Roberts's study of the question.

† The wrong that Copernicus suffered was not in his lifetime, the condemnation by Rome of his opinions being occasioned by the condemnation of those of his illustrious scientific successor. As to Galileo, both his right to make a will and of burial in consecrated ground were disputed, and Pope Urban interfered to prevent the erection of a monument to him (for which much money had been subscribed) in Santa Croce at Florence. His body was therefore buried in an obscure corner, and his monument was not erected till a century later.

of the sacred Scriptures is to give mankind the information necessary for their salvation, and which, surpassing all human knowledge, can by no other means be accredited than by the mouth of the Holy Spirit. But I do not hold it necessary to believe that the same God who has endowed us with senses, with speech and intellect, intended that we should neglect the use of these, and seek by other means for knowledge which they are sufficient to procure us; especially in a science like astronomy, of which so little notice is taken in the Scriptures, that none of the planets except the Sun and Moon, and once or twice only Venus, under the name of Lucifer, are so much as named there. This, therefore, being granted, methinks that in the discussion of natural problems we ought not to begin at the authority of texts of Scripture, but at sensible and necessary demonstrations; for, from the Divine word the sacred Scripture and nature did both alike proceed, and I conceive that, concerning natural effects, that which either sensible experience sets before our eyes, or necessary demonstrations do prove unto us, ought not upon any account to be called into question, much less condemned, upon the testimony of Scriptural texts, which may under their words couch senses seemingly contrary thereto.

Again, to command the very professors of astronomy that they of themselves see to the confuting of their own observations and demonstrations is to enjoin a thing beyond all possibility of doing, for it is not only to command them not to see that which they do see, and not to understand that which they do understand, but it is to order them to seek for and to find the contrary of that which they happen to meet with. I would entreat these wise and prudent Fathers that they would with all diligence consider the difference that is between opinionative and demonstrative doctrines; to the end that, well weighing in their minds with what force necessary inferences urge us, they might the better assure themselves that it is not in the power of the professors of demonstrative sciences to change their opinions at pleasure, and adopt first one side and then another; and that there is great difference between commanding a mathematician or a philosopher and the disposing of a lawyer or a merchant; and that the demonstrated conclusions touching the things of nature and of the heavens cannot be changed with the same facility as the opinions are touching what is lawful or not in a contract, bargain, or bill of exchange. Therefore, first let these men apply themselves to examine the arguments of Copernicus and others, and leave the condemning of them as erroneous and heretical to whom it belongeth; yet let them not hope to find such rash and precipitous determinations in the wary and holy Fathers, or in the absolute wisdom of him who cannot err, as those into which they suffer themselves to be hurried by some particular affection or interest of their own. In these and such other positions, which are not directly articles of faith, certainly no

man doubts but his Holiness hath always an absolute power of admitting or condemning them; but it is not in the power of any creature to make them to be true or false otherwise than of their own nature and in fact they are.

The proceedings which occurred with respect to Galileo afford us an actual demonstration of two most noteworthy facts. One is that what is declared by authoritative congregations to be at once against the teaching of Scripture, of the holy fathers, and of antecedent ecclesiastical tribunals concerning a matter touching science, may none the less be true. The second noteworthy fact is, that men of science may have a truer perception of what Scripture must be held (since it is inspired) to teach, than may be granted to ecclesiastical authorities. This is demonstrated by the fact that those who held the very Catholic truth in the seventeenth century were not the inquisitors, but those whom they so rashly condemned.\*

Pious Catholics have then great cause for thankfulness, for it has thus been made absolutely and unanswerably plain and clear to them by the voice of history (which they are bound to hold not merely with Schiller as the judgment of mankind but as the judgment of God) what are their duties in the pursuit of science. God has thus taught us that it is not to ecclesiastical congregations but to men of science that he has committed the elucidation of scientific questions, whether such questions are or are not treated of by Holy Scripture, by the writings of the fathers and doctors of the Church, and by ecclesiastical assemblages and tribunals. Moreover, the freedom thus so happily gained for astronomical science has, of course, been gained for all science—geology, biology, sociology, political economy, history, and Biblical criticism—for whatever, in fact, comes within the reach of human inductive research, and is capable of verification. This, moreover, necessarily includes the scientific criticism of those very Scriptures which ecclesiastical authority in the seventeenth century plainly showed its inability either scientifically or theologically to comprehend. Manifestly such questions as the authorship and the dates of the various sacred books, as well as of the temporal

\* Our present illustrious pontiff, Leo XIII., published a pastoral letter in February, 1877 (the year before his elevation to the papacy), in which he himself tells us that "Galileo, who gave to experimental philosophy one of its most vigorous impulses, reached, by means of his researches, the proof that Holy Scripture and nature equally exhibit the footprints of the Deity."

circumstances which their writers may show they were influenced by, with the general scope and intention of each respectively, cannot be withdrawn from scientific inquiry, when it must be admitted that men of science so succeeded and that ecclesiastical authority so failed in interpreting the true and inspired meaning of God's written word. Well may the modern Catholic, when considering the happy results to his freedom of the fault committed at Rome with respect to Galileo, borrow the words the Church uses on Holy Saturday with respect to Adam's fall, and exclaim with all his heart, *Oh, felix culpa!* Oh, happy fault which has brought us so great a redemption!

There is yet another aspect of this question about which Catholics have cause for deep thankfulness. Its ethical aspect shows us how much we have gained through the moral\* no less than the scientific advance of modern times. As the authorities who condemned Galileo were ignorant not only of the physical knowledge of our day but of the physical knowledge of their own day—a better acquaintance with which ought to have saved them from their blunder—as also they were ignorant of those economical truths which their successors now not only confess but make use of; so also they appear to have had no glimmering of perception of the practical claims of the most sacred and inalienable of all rights—the rights of conscience. They seem to have had no fear whatever lest by their threats of temporal disadvantage they should play the devil's part and tempt Galileo to make an oath against his conscience. Those who most sympathize with him can have little doubt but that in his adjuration he did perjure himself. Of that crime, however, the judges who tempted him to it must take their share. Nor should we, much as we blame Galileo's act, think too severely of the unhappy actor himself. Aged and infirm, he weakly erred through dread of the dire consequences which he, as a heretic, might otherwise incur. He surely calls far more for pity than for moral reprobation from us, who happily have no fear of being called to make so terrible a choice, and have no such fear just because it is

the progress of ethical as well as of physical science which has made it impossible for us now to be tempted by terror of bodily suffering to err as did Galileo or as did Galileo's judges. The duty of acting according to conscience was indeed unhesitatingly laid down by mediæval theologians who have been quoted and their teaching nobly enforced by our illustrious fellow countryman Cardinal Newman.\* But the practical consequences† of such teaching have been effectively deduced only in modern times. It would now be generally recognized as a moral truism, that all the citizens of a State save one, would be morally culpable did they try to force that one to perform acts against his conscience such as might be to curse the Koran, to tread upon the Cross, or to salute the Host.

Thanks to our progress, it has now become plain to all men that no fear inspired by threats of fire, whether temporal or eternal, ought to make the man of science swerve for a hair's breadth from the duty he owes to God of declaring the very truth with respect to those laws which God has instituted.

Nevertheless, no candid men, whether Catholics or not, who are familiar with the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can doubt but that a sincere conviction of duty, however mistaken, animated the authorities both of the Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index. If our pity may be justly claimed for Galileo, it seems to be yet more called forth by the spectacle of venerable ecclesiastics, whose office constituted them the guardians of right against might, led by a mistaken estimate of the powers entrusted to them, not only to impede the progress of science which some of them really desired to favor, but even to betray the cause of that very authority the supremacy of which it was their great object to secure.

Let me now return to the subject of evolution and theology with the light gained from the previous conflict respecting astronomy. That certain good Catholics who are devoted to science are distressed and more or less paralyzed by such declarations as those of Mr. Murphy,

\* In his letter to the Duke of Norfolk.

\* Amongst the conspicuous and undeniable ethical advances which have been made by us, as compared with our fathers of the seventeenth and earlier centuries, are—(1) the recognition of the claims of the individual conscience to practical respect; (2) the perception of the moral guilt of gambling, as in State lotteries; and (3) the awakening to the fact that animals have rights, and that wanton cruelty is a sin.

† That the term "freedom of conscience" may be used in quite another sense from that in which we moderns generally use it, is proved by the language sometimes employed by the late Dr. Ward. In a controversy about "liberty of conscience," he actually once ventured to go so far as to affirm that "a Catholic's freedom of conscience is grievously impaired by the civil tolerance of other religions" (*Dublin Review*, January, 1876, vol. xxvii., p. 14).

I happen to know with certainty. To such I offer the foregoing observations, which I think will effectually dissipate their scruples. Men of science of the seventeenth century were appalled and paralyzed by the condemnation of Galileo. Descartes, in his letter to Mersenne, declares how that event almost decided him to burn his papers, or at least to let no one see them, and he refrained from publishing his treatise on the world. Catholic men of science of the present day should determine that the Church shall not through them be exposed to the reproach to which Descartes thus laid it open—namely, of actually impeding scientific progress. They should in no wise allow their efforts after truth to be checked by the declaration of ecclesiastical authorities, seeing clearly now that the faithful Catholics who held true doctrine in the seventeenth century were the condemned and not the condemners. Mr. Murphy tells us as to evolution, that "so direct, so precise, so circumstantial, is the Scriptural account of man's creation, that, if the evolution theory were true, the sacred writings, if they intended to deceive us, could not have chosen language better calculated to effect that end." Might not the very same thing be said as to the Scripture account of the universality of the Deluge, the universal destruction outside the ark of men and animals, if the Deluge was *not* universal, and if multitudes not only of animals, but even of men, outside that ark, were, in fact, *not* destroyed? Yet an English Catholic bishop\* tells us we may hold that men as well as animals were not so destroyed.

Exegesis is not my study, I have no skill in, or knowledge of it; I only judge what to believe in this matter according to the light of science, and that light shows me that it was impossible for all animals to have been destroyed, and I judge similarly with respect to the general doctrine of evolution.

How much latitude has existed in the Church even in the early days of the triumphs which physical science has not ceased to enjoy for the last four centuries, is plain from the following judgments publicly emitted by the great Roman theologian Cajetan.† He was made a cardinal in 1517, and sent as legate to Germany in

1518. In 1519 he was made Bishop of Gaeta, and in 1523 was sent as legate to Hungary.

In his great commentary on Holy Scripture\* he teaches that the account of the creation of Eve is but a sort of parable intended to show the intimacy of the marriage tie; that the serpent described as speaking to Eve is only the symbol of an *internal* temptation; with other interpretations equally free. As to a belief in the literal truth of Eve's creation, he does not hesitate to call it *absurd*. He never was compelled to retract his statements, still less was excommunicated in default of so doing.

We may now turn to consider the special question at issue between most biologists and a certain number of theologians. I mean the question of evolution.

As to the truth of the doctrine of evolution generally and in some form, it would be a waste of time and space at this day to argue at any length in its favor. Its truth is generally conceded, and may at any time suddenly become a matter of sensible experience. It is otherwise, of course, as regards the question concerning man's bodily origin, the mode of which must remain a matter of analogical inference; and, as Darwin himself has remarked, analogy is a misleading guide. Nevertheless, a high scientific probability may attach to a physical truth inaccessible to demonstration, as for example, the probability that the side of the moon we can never see is not of a totally different nature and aspect from that side of it which we do see. I have already on several occasions tried to show that different considerations point in different directions as to the problem of man's bodily origin: (1) the similarity between the phenomena presented by the bodies of men and certain animals both in their adult condition and in their process of development, points to a similarity between their modes of origin; (2) the dissimilarity between their mental natures points to a dissimilarity between their modes of origin in so far as man's body may be inseparably connected with his mental nature. It is thus conceivable that God might or might not have miraculously created the human body, though analogy is strongly in favor of its natural evolution.

It has been urged by Darwin and others

\* The Hon. and Right Rev. Bishop Clifford.

† The present pontiff, when requested by an Italian bishop to specify what commentators on St. Thomas he recommended, replied, Cardinal Cajetan and Francis Ferrarissis, Francis being the commentator on the philosophy, but Cajetan on the *theology* of St. Thomas!

\* This work will be found in the British Museum library under the title: "Vio (Thomas de) Cardinal: Old Testament, Pentateuch Commentarii . . . in quinque Mosaicis libros. 1539. Folio Press Mark 1008, c. 12 (1)."



that God would have deceived us if he had made a body with all the physical signs of evolution but which had not been in fact evolved. This does not, however, appear to me to involve any moral difficulty, on the view that theologians have no more right to dictate what is to be our belief in this matter than to dictate what shall be our belief as to the revolution of the earth or as to the number of ages during which it has been the theatre of human activity. We are then in no way bound to arrive at a correct solution of the problem, nor is that solution of any practical importance to us. By the grace of God we are what we are, and we have the same lofty intellectual nature and the same responsibility, whether the matter of our material frame came to us directly from the inorganic world or indirectly through the ministry of our lower fellow-creatures. The moral aspect of the question, however, would become quite changed if we were required to believe that *our eternal destiny* depended in part on our *not making a mistake* in this matter. In that case it seems clear that a good God, however much he might test our will by allowing certain difficulties to attend the evidences of religion, could never have miraculously created a number of corporeal characters all pointing to a conclusion to accept which would involve our damnation, and not a single character pointing towards the one only conclusion which would be absolutely necessary for our salvation. Must not such a belief involve a complete and unavoidable moral contradiction? This is a question which each man's conscience must answer. Let our beliefs in this matter be supposed free and unfettered as to their consequences, and then either origin of man's corporeal frame is conceivable; but let a belief in its miraculous creation be admitted as a condition upon which alone we can escape eternal torments, and then the conclusion seems to me irresistible, that a body directly and independently formed with characters so fatally misleading could never have been the creation of a God of truth and goodness, but rather of a malignant father of lies.

A writer such as Mr. Murphy should carefully inform himself of the scientific as well as the ecclesiastical bearings of the question before he ventures to press upon our acceptance, as he does, a doctrine so inexpressibly shocking as that our eternal happiness depends upon our believing in the miraculous and sudden creation of the bodies of Adam and Eve.

Nothing could well be more prejudicial to the cause which Mr. Murphy may be supposed to have at heart than the production of a widespread conviction that loyal Church membership necessitates the acceptance of anything which at one and the same time revolts both our conscience and our scientific judgment.

No decree of pope or council can, however, be quoted as condemning evolution, and I venture to predict that it will be a long time before even any such authoritative condemnation can be cited against that doctrine as can be cited against the doctrine of the earth's diurnal and orbital motion. But the Rev. Mr. Murphy himself concedes that no judgment was passed that was indisputably *ex cathedra* even against Copernicanism. *A fortiori*, then, no authoritative judgment whatever has yet issued against evolution. As, however, no one can venture to affirm that more pressure may not be brought to bear against evolution than has yet been brought to bear against it, men who are both honest students of science and loyal children of the Church may be fairly expected by non-Catholics to state candidly the position they would be prepared to take up in the event of any such pressure.

A loyal Catholic must of course say that when any matter is clearly of faith, his conclusions must be wrong if they are opposed to it. But after all, and in every case, he has but his judgment to rely on as to the fact, or nature, of the supposed conflict. It is only through his own reason, informed by his senses, that he can possibly know that any decision whatever has been made (supposing it to have been made), and therefore he has always the choice whether to distrust the fact of the decision or the fact of physical science.

But though nothing can be quoted as at once certainly *ex cathedra* and at the same time opposed to evolution, yet pronouncements which some theologians deem infallible utterances seem to have been issued against such a minimizing of the authority of ecclesiastical judges and congregations as is here contended for. This I should not be candid if I did not admit. It is true that the pope, in his celebrated Munich brief, does bid men of science submit themselves to such authorities.

Certain utterances then may be cited in opposition to the views here advocated, and I shall be asked how I reconcile them with the "Mirari vos," the "Quanta cura," and the Syllabus. I might reply to such a question in the language of many

theologians who, when confronted with perplexing declarations of physical science, content themselves with replying that "truth cannot contradict truth," and that there must be therefore some satisfactory explanation of such apparent conflicts. I should shortly reply, however, in the words of the Jesuit Father Hill: "The criterion of scientific and philosophical truth is not authority, but evidence." I decline to attempt the task of furnishing an interpretation of legal ecclesiastical documents for which I have not the requisite technical knowledge, but I am quite sure that authority can be justified only by reason, and cannot, therefore, be justified if it opposes reason. The error of Galileo's condemnation, as I have said, is not likely to be repeated nowadays, but if *per impossibile* authority was ever to demand the affirmation that death first absolutely came into the world after Adam's sin, it would be simply impossible for us in the face of the many palæozoic fossils, to make such an affirmation. If supreme authority and intuitive truth could and did come into collision, then authority would simplify itself. For it is a recognized canon of logic, that if any authority denies any proposition supported by a preponderance of evidence, that authority loses claim to our submission in whatever degree the evidence for the proposition is greater than that for the authority itself. Nor has even supreme authority a right to protest against such a hypothetical proposition as that just made, since St. Paul himself gives us an example of the kind when he says: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain" (1 Cor. xv. 14). No one could be so unreasonable as to affirm that language may not be used respecting the Church which may be freely used respecting the Church's lord and master. So to affirm would at least indicate a tone of mind certainly unapostolic.

For my own part — in spite of my love of science, which is the deepest seated and most rooted feeling I possess, and though the study of biology has been the main occupation of my life, yet I have never made exaggerated claims in its name. Strongly impressed with the intrinsically relative insignificance of *all* physical questions when compared with those which relate to man's noblest aspirations and best future hopes, I have ever deemed it my highest privilege to be allowed to point out the essential harmony which exists between the truths of science and the dictates of religion.

It is not lightly, then, nor without a deep sense of responsibility that I give my testimony to what I believe to be a truth alike necessary for either cause.

I well know that many anxious inquirers amongst Catholics are seeking how best to fulfil their duties both to their science and to their faith. To such inquirers I venture to offer the considerations here put forward, which will, I trust, furnish a reply to Mr. Murphy, and at the same time help to guide the Catholic man of science as to his duty. His duty appears to me to be clear. He owes to God the faithful and industrious use of the talent entrusted to him, undeterred by the clamor of well-meaning but incompetent obstructives. As a truly loyal son of the Church he should be careful that she may never through him incur the reproach of hampering and impeding the course of science. Bearing in mind the wise warning of Cardinal Pitra and the ever-memorable words (before quoted) of Leo XIII., on the one hand, and the lesson taught by the history of the seventeenth century on the other, I conceive it to be the duty of the Catholic man of science, whether cleric or layman, calmly to pursue his scientific investigations, with the aid of such theories as may best help him on his way. He may also, I am persuaded, comfort himself with the assurance that the supreme rulers in the domain of theology will now view with favor and approval, rather than with jealousy and reprobation, the rapid development of that branch of knowledge which concerns itself with organic life, and with all that relates to the merely animal nature of man — the science of biology.

The strange result, then, of the seventeenth-century struggle — a result as happy as it was one impossible to foresee — has been the permanent enlargement of Catholic intellectual liberty in every department of science without exception, to a degree which not the most sanguine of our predecessors could have hoped for; and this result has only recently been made manifest by the defeated efforts of the extreme infallibilists of the era of the Vatican Council. The cause of evolution, then, in any subsequent struggle is gained before that struggle has begun, and we have to thank the once for all happily decided battle between theologians and astronomers for having made once for all superfluous any such subsequent battle between evolutionists and theologians.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

From Chambers' Journal.  
A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRANCES became accustomed to the presence of young Ramsay after this. He appeared almost every day, very often in the afternoon, eager for tea, and always disposed to inquire for further *renseignements*, though he was quite certain that he was not to leave England till autumn at the earliest. She began to regard him as a younger brother, or cousin at the least, a perfectly harmless individual, with whom she could talk when he wanted her with a gentle complacency, without any reference to her own pleasure. As a matter of fact it did not give her any pleasure to talk to Claude. She was kind to him for his sake; but she had no desire for his presence on her own account. It surprised her that he ever could have been thought of as a possible mate for Constance. Constance was so much cleverer, so much more advanced in every way than herself, that to suppose she could put up with what Frances found so little attractive, was a constant amazement to the girl. She could not but express this on one of the occasions, not so very frequent as she had expected, on which her mother and she were alone together.

"Is it really true," she said at the end of a long silence, "that there was a question of a — marriage between Constance and Mr. Ramsay?"

"It is really quite true," said her mother with a smile. "And why not? Do you disapprove?"

"It is not that I disapprove; I have no right to disapprove; it is only that it seems so impossible."

"Why? I see nothing impossible in it. He is of suitable age; he is handsome. You cannot deny that he is handsome, however much you may dislike him, my dear."

"But I don't dislike him at all; I like him very much — in a kind of way."

"You have every appearance of doing so," said Lady Markham with meaning. "You talk to him more, I think, than to any one else."

"That is because —"

"Oh, I don't ask any reason, Frances. If you like his society, that is reason enough — the best of reasons. And evidently he likes you. He would, no doubt, be more suitable to you than to Constance."

"Mamma! I don't know what you mean." Frances woke up suddenly from her musing state, and looked at her mother with wide open, startled eyes.

"I don't mean anything. I only ask you to point out wherein his unsuitability lies. Young, handsome, *nice*, and very rich. What could a girl desire more? You think, perhaps, as you have been so simply brought up, that a heroine like Con should have had a duke or an earl at the least. But people think less of the importance of titles as they know society better. Claude is of an excellent old family — better than many peers. She would have been a very fortunate young woman with such an establishment; but she has taken her own way. I hope you will never be so hot-headed as your sister, Frances. You look much more practical and reasonable. You will not, I think, dart off at a tangent without warning or thought."

Frances looked her mother doubtfully in the face. Her feelings fluctuated strangely in respect to this central figure in the new world round her. To make acquaintance with your parents for the first time when you have reached the critical age, and are no longer able to accept everything with the matter-of-fact serenity of a child, is a curious experience. Children, indeed, are tremendous critics, at the tribunal of whose judgment we all stand unawares, and have our just place allotted to us, with an equity which happily leads to no practical conclusions, but which no tribunal on earth can equal for clear sight and remorseless decision. Eighteen is not quite so abstract as eight; yet the absence of familiarity, and that love which is instinctive, and happily quite above all decisions of the judgment, makes, in such an extraordinary case as that of Frances, the sudden call upon the critical faculties, the consciousness that accompanies their exercise, and the underlying sense, never absent, that all this is unnatural and wrong, into a complication full of distress and uncertainty. A vague question whether it were possible that such a conflict as that which had ended in Constance's flight, should ever arise between Lady Markham and herself passed through the mind of Frances. If it should do so, the expedient which had been open to Constance would be to herself impossible. All pride and delicacy of feeling, all sense of natural justice, would prevent her from adopting that course. The question would have to be worked out between her mother and herself, should it ever occur. Was it possi-

ble that it could ever occur? She looked at Lady Markham, who had returned to her usual morning occupation of writing letters, with a questioning gaze. There had been a pause, and Lady Markham had waited for a moment for a reply. Then she had taken up her pen again, and with a smiling nod had returned to her correspondence.

Frances sat and pondered with her face turned towards the writing-table, at which her mother spent so much of her time. The number of letters that were written there every morning filled her with amazement. Waring had written no letters, and received only one now and then, which Frances understood to be about business. She had looked very respectfully at first on the sheaves which were every day taken away, duly stamped, from that well-worn but much decorated writing-table. When it had been suggested to her that she too must have letters to write, she had dutifully compiled her little bulletin for her father, putting aside as quite a different matter the full chronicle of her proceedings, written at a great many *reprises*, to Mariuccia, which somehow did not seem at all to come under the same description. It had, however, begun to become apparent to Frances, unwillingly, as she made acquaintance with everything about her, that Lady Markham's correspondence was really by no means of the importance which at the first glance it appeared. It seemed to consist generally in the conveyance of little bits of news, of little engagements, of the echoes of what people said and did; and it was replied to by endless shoals of little notes on every variety of tinted, gilt, and perfumed paper, with every kind of monogram, crest, and device, and every new idea in shape and form which the genius of the fashionable stationer could work out. "I have just heard from Lady So-and-so the funniest story," Lady Markham would say to her son, repeating the anecdote — which on many occasions Frances, listening, did not see the point of. But then both mother and son were cleverer people than she was. "I must write and let Mary St. Serle and Louisa Avenel know — it will amuse them so;" and there was at once an addition of two letters to the budget. Frances did not think — all under her breath, as it were, in involuntary unexpressed comment — that the tale was worth a pretty sheet of paper, a pretty envelope — both decorated with Lady Markham's cipher and coronet — and a penny stamp. But so it was; and

this was one of the principal occupations evidently of a great lady's life. Lady Markham considered it very grave, and "a duty." She allowed nothing to interfere with her correspondence. "I have my letters to write," she said, as who should say, "I have my day's work to do." By degrees Frances lost her respect for this day's work, and would watch the manufacture of one note after another with eyes that were unwillingly cynical, wondering within herself whether it would make any difference to the world if pen and ink were forbidden in that house. Markham, too, spoke of writing his letters as a valid reason for much consumption of time. But then, no doubt, Markham had land agents to write to, and lawyers, and other necessary people. In this, Frances did not do justice to her mother, who also had business letters to write, and did a great deal in stocks, and kept her eyes on the money market. The girl sat and watched her with a sort of fascination as her pen ran lightly over sheet after sheet. Sometimes Lady Markham was full of tenderness and generosity, and had the look of understanding everybody's feelings. She was never unkind. She never took a bad view of any one, or suggested evil or interested motives, as even Frances perceived, in her limited experience, so many people to do. But, on the other hand, there would come into her face sometimes a look — which seemed to say that she might be inexorable, if once she had made up her mind: a look before which it seemed to Frances that flight like that of Constance would be the easiest way. Frances was not sufficiently instructed in human nature to know that anomalies of this kind are common enough; and that nobody is always and in all matters good, any more than anybody is in all things ill. It troubled her to perceive the junction of these different qualities in her mother; and still more it troubled her to think what, in case of coming to some point of conflict, she should do. How would she get out of it? Would it be only by succumbing wholly, or had she the courage in her to fight it out?

"Little un," said Markham, coming up to her suddenly, "why do you look at the mother so? Are you measuring yourself against her, to see how things would stand if it came to a fight?"

"Markham!" Frances started with a great blush of guilt. "I did not know you were here. I — never heard you come in."

"You were so lost in thought. I have been here these five minutes, waiting for an opportunity to put in a word. Don't you know I'm a thought-reader, like those fellows that find pins? Take my advice, Fan, and never let it come to a fight."

"I don't know how to fight," she said, crimsoning more and more; "and besides, I was not thinking — there is nothing to fight about."

"Fibs, these last," he said. "Come out and take a little walk with me; you are looking pale; and I will tell you a thing or two. Mother, I am going to take her out for a walk; she wants air."

"Do, dear," said Lady Markham, turning half round with a smile. "After luncheon, she is going out with me; but in the mean time, you could not do better — get a little of the morning into her face, while I finish my letters." She turned again with a soft smile on her face to send off that piece of information to Louisa Avenel and Mary St. Serle, closing an envelope as she spoke, writing the address with such a preoccupied yet amiable air — a woman who, but for having so much to do, would have had no thought or ambition beyond her house. Markham waited till Frances appeared in the trim little walking-dress which the mother had paid her the high compliment of making no change in. They turned their faces as usual towards the Park, where already, though Easter was very near, there was a flutter of fine company in preparation for the more serious glories of the Row, after the season had fairly set in.

"Little Fan, you mustn't fight," were the first words that Markham said.

She felt her heart begin to beat loud. "Markham! there is nothing to fight about — oh, nothing. What put fighting in your head?"

"Never mind. It is my duty to instruct your youth; and I think I see troubles brewing. Don't be so kind to that little beggar Claude. He is a selfish little beggar, though he looks so smooth; and since Constance won't have him, he will soon begin to think he may as well have you."

"Markham!" Frances felt herself choking with horror and shame.

"You have got my name quite pat, my dear; but that is neither here nor there. Markham has nothing to do with it except to put you on your guard. Don't you know, you little innocent, what is the first duty of a mother? Then, I can tell you: to marry her daughters well; brilliantly, if possible, but at all events *well* — or any-

how to marry them; or else she is a failure; and all the birds of her set come round her and peck her to death."

"I often don't understand your jokes," said Frances with a little dignity, "and I suppose this is a joke."

"And you think it is a joke in doubtful taste? So should I, if I meant it that way, but I don't. Listen, Fan; I am much of that opinion myself."

"That a mother — that a lady — You are always saying horrible things."

"It is true, though — if it is best that a girl should marry — mind you, I only say if — then it *is* her mother's duty. You can't look out for yourself — at least I am very glad you are not of the kind that do, my little Fan."

"Markham," said Frances, with a dignity which seemed to raise her small person a foot at least, "I have never heard such things talked about; and I don't wish to hear anything more, please. In books," she added, after a moment's interval, "it is the gentlemen —"

"Who look out? But that is all changed, my dear. Fellows fall in love — which is quite different — and generally fall in love with the wrong person; but you see I was not supposing that you were likely to do anything so wild as that."

"I hope not," cried Frances hurriedly. "However," she added, after another pause, coloring deeply, but yet looking at him with a certain courageous air, "if there was any question about being — married, which of course there is not — I never heard that there was any other way."

"Brava, Fan! Come, now, here is the little thing's own opinion, which is worth a great deal. It would not matter, then, who the man was, so long as *that* happened, eh? Let us know the premises on either side."

"You are a great deal older than I am, Markham," said Frances.

"Granted, my dear — a great deal. And what then? I should be wiser, you mean to say? But so I am, Fan."

"It was not *that* I meant. I mean, it is you who ought — to marry. You are a man. You are the eldest, the chief one of your family. I have always read in books —"

Markham put up his hand as a shield. He stopped to laugh, repeating over and over again that one note of mirth with which it was his wont to express his feelings. "Brava, Fan!" he repeated when he could speak. "You are a little Trojan."



This is something like carrying the war into the enemy's country." He was so much tickled by the assault, that the water stood in his eyes. "What a good thing we are not in the Row, where I should have been delivered over to the talk of the town! Frances, my little dear, you are the funniest of little philosophers."

"Where is the fun?" said Frances gravely. "And I am not a philosopher, Markham; I am only — your sister."

At this the little man became serious all at once, and took her hand and drew it within his arm. They were walking up Constitution Hill, where there are not many spectators. "Yes, my dear," he said, "you are as nice a little sister as a man could desire;" and walked on, holding her arm close to him with an expressive clasp which spoke more than words. The touch of nature and the little suggestive proffer of affection and kindred which was in the girl's words, touched his heart. He said nothing till they were about emerging upon the noise and clamor of the world at the great thoroughfare which they had to cross. Then "After all," he said, "yours is a very natural proposition, Fan. It is I who ought to marry. Many people would say it was my duty; and perhaps I might have been of that opinion once. But I've a great deal on my conscience, dear. You think I'm rather a good little man, don't you? fond of ladies' society, and of my mother and little sister, which is such a good feature, everybody says. Well, but that's a mistake, my dear. I don't know that I am at all a fit person to be walking about London streets and into the Park with an innocent little creature such as you are, under my arm."

"Markham!" she cried, with a tone which was half astonished, half indignant, and her arm thrilled within his — not, perhaps, with any intention of withdrawing itself; but that was what he thought.

"Wait," he said, "till I have got you safely across the Corner — there is always a crowd — and then, if you are frightened, and prefer another chaperon, we'll find one, you may be sure, before we have gone a dozen steps. Come now; there is a little lull. Be plucky, and keep your head, Fan."

"I want no other chaperon, Markham; I like you."

"Do you, my dear? Well, you can't think what a pleasure that is to me, Fan. You wouldn't probably, if you knew me

better. However, you must stick to that opinion as long as you can. Who, do you think, would marry me if I were to try? An ugly little fellow, not very well off, with several bad tendencies, and — a mother."

"A mother, Markham?"

"Yes, my dear; to whom he is devoted — who must always be the first to him. That's a beautiful sentiment, don't you think? But wives have a way of not liking it. I could not force her to call herself the dowager, could I, Fan? She is a pretty woman yet. She is really younger than I am. She would not like it."

"I think you are only making fun of me, Markham. I don't know what you mean. What could mamma have to do with it? If she so much wanted Constance to marry, surely she must want you still more, for you are so much older; and then —"

"There is no want of arguments," he said with a laugh, shaking his head. "Conviction is what is wanted. There might have been times when I should have much relished your advice; but nobody would have had me, fortunately. No, I must not give up the mother, my dear. Don't you know I was the cause of all the mischief — at least of a great part of the mischief — when your father went away? And now, I must make a mess of it again, and put folly into Con's head. The mother is an angel, Fan, or she would not trust you with me."

It flashed across Frances's memory that Constance had warned her not to let herself fall into Markham's hands; but this only bewildered the girl in the softening of her heart to him, and in the general bewilderment into which she was thus thrown back. "I do not believe you can be bad," she said earnestly; "you must be doing yourself injustice."

By this time they were in the Row in all the brightness of the crowd, which, if less great than at a later period, was more friendly. Markham had begun to pull off his hat to every third lady he met, to put out his hand right and left, to distribute nods and greetings. "We'll resume the subject some time or other," he said with a smile aside to Frances, disengaging her arm from his. The girl felt as if she had suddenly lost her anchorage, and was thrown adrift upon this sea of strange faces; and thrown at the same time back into a moral chaos, full of new difficulties and wonders, out of which she could not see her way.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND.

THERE is a striking dissimilarity between the circumstances attending the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's government in 1874 and the eclipse of the Liberal administration in 1885. In the former case the Cabinet fell because the Liberal programme, as it was then propounded, had been exhausted. The nation declined to entrust it with another commission in the absence of work definitely marked out for it to execute. The Conservatives acceded to power, not so much because they were led by a man of genius like Mr. Disraeli, as because there was no practical alternative to a Conservative *régime*. To-day everything is different. The Liberals are not defeated or discredited in the constituencies. They have simply retired from office in consequence of a hostile vote, accidentally snatched in a Parliamentary division; their prospects in the country were never brighter, their scheme of political action in the future never more clear in its outline, or more copious and hopeful in its contents. It will be now generally admitted that the subjects of paramount attraction to the English democracy belong to the department of domestic policy, and that outside these limits it is difficult to kindle the genuine and permanent fervor of the people. If we ask what, within this region, is the subject of the widest interest at the present moment to all classes of the country, and what is calculated to exercise the most vivid and direct influence upon our national development, the answer must unquestionably be the reform of local government, using that expression in its widest sense, and not restricting this reform to any one of the three kingdoms.

The great work of the renovated Parliament of 1832 was the establishment of local government in towns; the great work of the Parliament of 1868 was the extension of the sphere of local government in the business of national education. The great work of the Parliament, to be elected after the organic change of the constituencies in 1885, will be the crowning of the edifice of local government in some parts of the United Kingdom, and the foundation, as well as the completion, of its structure in others. Then, and not till then, shall we be able to say that the rights of citizenship exist, and are exercised, equally in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, that the forces inherent in the various classes of the whole community, the free and regulated

operation of which is essential to a happy and self-governed people, are operative, and that the relations, on which alone the inhabitants of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland can live happily together, are equitably settled. Before we examine the basis on which local government ought hereafter to exist, let us see what it now means. It is concerned at present, as usually understood, with the administration of the Poor Law, the Education Law, the Sanitary Acts, the provision of public baths, parks, cemeteries, lunatic asylums, free libraries, and other institutions conducive to the well-being of the rate-payers. In the large towns no serious fault can be found with the working of the system. In addition to its having accomplished the exact reforms which it was intended to effect, it has proved an educational agency of the highest value. It has elicited and nurtured qualities in the case of individuals which might otherwise have languished for lack of opportunity; it has opened the way from parochial politics to imperial statesmanship; its discipline, its competition, its stimulus have invested those who have actively taken part in it with a dignity of a solid and energizing kind. The great corporations, conducted as they are with marked intelligence, have been instrumental in bestowing the utmost advantage on the population. The field of their responsibilities has been for years steadily on the increase, and at each step their functions and powers have been proportionately enlarged. Much, however, yet remains to be done. In the first place, it is only a section of the inhabitants of Great Britain itself which enjoys the benefits of local government at all. In the second place, the machinery, where it is at work, still suffers from imperfections.

To take the latter point first—it is essential to effect an economy of municipal force. This can only be done by the unification of local work. At present the Poor Law, the Education Acts, and the Municipal Acts are administered by three separate authorities. If they were placed under one body, not only would there be a great simplification, an invaluable utilizing of energies now often unprofitably dissipated, but the governing body itself would gain appreciably in dignity and in importance. The same confusion exists in an aggravated form in urban districts, where the principal authorities are local boards, and where there are in many cases separate rating authorities for highways, burial purposes, health, school boards, poor law, and other objects. But

the most grievous defects of our present system are to be found in the rural districts where local government properly so-called hardly exists at all, where a restricted franchise and artificial method of voting are added to the evils of complicated jurisdictions and divided responsibility, and where the paramount authority — that of the Quarter Sessions — has no representative character. Hence we are confronted at every turn by a threefold chaos of area, rate, and authority. Such, then, so far as England is concerned, is the problem for which the new Parliament must find a solution.

We may proceed briefly to indicate the chief features in the reform to be desired. As for political purposes the whole country has now been partitioned into electoral districts, so must it be arranged for administrative purposes. Of the divisions thus created, some, like the new Parliamentary constituencies, will be purely rural, others purely urban, others again will partake of the characteristics of both. In each there will be a single authority based on household suffrage, and dealing with all subjects locally appertaining to the area over which it has jurisdiction, and the limits of which must be regulated by the necessity of investing the work to be done with importance, and of justifying the expenditure of time and labor which it involves. These primary local bodies will, however, be signally incomplete unless they are supplemented by county councils dealing with interests which extend beyond the boundaries of the smaller districts, and which these districts may be said to share in common with them. They will include highroads, lunatic asylums, and prisons, and the county councils charged with the responsibility of these might be composed of representatives sent to them by the local bodies whether urban or rural, or they might be directly elected by all the ratepayers in the county. In this way we should have a complete system of local government administered by men on whom, greatly to the general advantage of the community, it would be possible to devolve a considerable amount of additional work. The granting of licenses, the power of acquiring land for the purpose of providing laborers' dwellings and allotments, and under specified conditions for aiding in the establishment of peasant proprietorships, would all come legitimately within their province.

It would of course be necessary to deal with the metropolis by itself. The princi-

ple of Sir William Harcourt's measure of London reform may be described as a proposal to treat the whole of the metropolitan area very much after the fashion of the large provincial towns, to create one great municipality with all the powers enjoyed by provincial corporations except the control of the police. This central corporation was to be empowered to delegate some of its functions to local bodies. It may be doubted whether such a proposal affords the best prospect of a really successful local government. It involves an immense centralization, since practically between four and five millions of people would have to be governed directly by a single authority. An alternative plan would be to create separate councils in each of the Parliamentary divisions with all the powers of provincial councils, and to reserve for a central body, formed by delegation from the various district councils, such work as is essentially metropolitan in its nature. Thus to the local councils would be left all the local sanitary work, the provision of libraries, baths, and parks, and other similar details, while the central body would deal with the main sewage, with lunatics, police, and possibly with main roads. By the second proposal greater importance would be given to the local councils, which would thereby obtain the services of better men. The work would be decentralized, and the details would be more effectively looked after by persons conversant with the locality than if they were entrusted to a central body.

These are only instalments, and the question of local government reform will not be satisfactorily disposed of before it is dealt with on a scale more comprehensive than has as yet been indicated. The United Kingdom consists, if we give a separate place to the principality, of four countries, to none of which are identically the same municipal methods applicable. Let us now, therefore, look at the matter from what may be called the national point of view. The problem here is to entrust Wales, Scotland, and Ireland with the free and full administration of those of their internal affairs which do not involve any imperial interest. As regards Scotland, that problem has been, to some extent, solved already. Practically under a system which is not sanctioned by the Constitution, but which the good sense of the Scotch members has established, Scotch legislation is arranged without the interference of English or Irish members of Parliament. There prevails, that is to

say, on the other side of the Tweed, a separate system of laws and administration suited to the needs and prejudices of the Scotch, and having little or nothing in common with that in force for England and Ireland. Bankruptcy, education, land laws, and many other subjects, are each of them treated on an entirely different basis. And yet, notwithstanding that the Scotch practically control their legislation, they have two grounds of dissatisfaction with the administrative conditions under which they live. They complain, first, that the supply of their wants is delayed owing to the pressure of work in the imperial Parliament; and secondly, that the administration of the law after it is made is supervised in London by English officials. Hence the proposal, recently made and largely supported, for the establishment of a Scotch secretary of state. The sole motive of this suggestion is the hope that if effect be given to it, greater attention will be secured for Scotch legislation, and greater independence of English control be attained. What has been said of Scotland holds equally true in the case of Wales. The peculiarities of the Welsh people and the difference between the circumstances under which they and the English exist, give them a clear claim to exceptional domestic legislation. To some extent this claim has been conceded. The Welsh Intermediate Education Bill is without an exact parallel in English or Scotch legislation. It belongs, however, to that class of measures necessarily placed on one side when the pressure on the imperial legislature of other public business makes itself felt. In all probability, Wales, which is just as much entitled to such treatment as Scotland, would gladly accept any proposal designed to secure the same measure of autonomy for itself as Scotland already enjoys.

Before dealing, as we presently shall at some length, with the case of Ireland, it seems well to say a few words on another object of the first importance, which can be accomplished only in connection with some such extension of the principles of local government as we are now considering. Recent experience has made it perfectly clear that Parliamentary government is being exposed to a strain for which it may prove unequal. The overwhelming work thrown upon the imperial legislature is too much for its machinery. The enormous complexity of modern legislation, to say nothing of difficulties caused by obstruction and party politics, indefinitely postpone many measures of reform,

no matter how imperatively they may be called for. The imperial evil is not less than the domestic. What, for instance, can be more deplorable than the systematic neglect at Westminster of colonial and Indian topics of the highest moment? It is obvious that no mere extension of local government upon the ordinary and restricted lines will relieve the Parliamentary congestion which has long since become a national calamity. Nor can it be too strongly insisted on that the supervision and control now exercised by the central authority in London involves, not only delay and difficulty in the transaction of imperial business, but an amount of irritation and friction which is altogether superfluous. In the great towns, indeed, the municipal councils are so powerful that in the long run they accomplish what they want and get their way, breaking through the fetters of red-tapism and surmounting the petty barriers of official pedantry. The smaller local authorities are less fortunate, and are bound down by the traditions and routine of an exasperating officialism. Such an arrangement can do no good, though it undoubtedly does much evil. The constant collision between the local and the central authorities means a waste of force that might under other circumstances be usefully and happily expended. Nor is it less to be regretted that those who find themselves perpetually interfered with should sustain a perceptible loss of authority and respect. It is scarcely to be expected that, under conditions which are always precarious, and which are frequently humiliating, the best men should consent to serve the State. Another result, equally unfortunate and equally unavoidable, is that local administration is stamped with the impression of a mechanical uniformity, and runs in grooves fatal to healthy experiment and honest progress.

Palpable as are the evils arising from undue interference by the central authority with local government in England, we find them intensified when we come to deal with the question of local government in Scotland, and still more so in the case of Ireland. There the interference is not merely that of a superior or of an official, it is moreover the interference of an alien authority. We have an additional factor of irritation in the prejudice of race and nationality. A control which in any case would be borne with some impatience becomes odious and intolerable when it is the badge of a foreign supremacy. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize how

little influence the people in Ireland have in the management of even the smallest of their local affairs, and how constantly the alien race looms before their eyes as the omnipresent controlling power. "The Castle," as it is called, is in Ireland synonymous with the government. Its influence is felt, and constantly felt, in every department of administration, local and central; and it is little wonder that the Irish people should regard the Castle as the embodiment of foreign supremacy. The rulers of the Castle are to them foreign either in race, or in sympathy, or in both. The lord lieutenant is rarely an Irishman; and if Irish in race, he is sure to be selected from a class having no political idea or sympathy in common with the great bulk of the people whom he is to rule. The same observation applies to the chief secretary and to the under-secretary and assistant under-secretaries. These are the rulers of Ireland, and, as Irishmen keep constantly reminding us, these rulers owe their position, not to the favor or confidence of the Irish people, but to the favor and confidence of one or other of the English parties.

The sanction which the Castle seeks, or is believed to seek, is to Irishmen that of a foreign race. The sanction which almost every branch of administration in Ireland seeks is that of the Castle. The Irish Local Government Board controls the boards of Poor Law guardians, and in some respects it also controls all the corporations and town commissioners throughout Ireland. The members of the Local Government Board are appointed by the Castle, and the chief secretary, one of the principal governors at the Castle, is their president. The entire control of the fiscal affairs of each Irish county is vested in the Grand Jury, a body consisting of twenty-three gentlemen selected by the high sheriff, who has himself been nominated by the viceroy, or as the Irish people would say by the Castle. The Grand Jury, a body of which it has been truly said that, "instead of being selected for business capacity, it is a barometer for the measurement of social claims," meets twice a year for one or two days at a time, votes taxes to the amount of about a million and a quarter sterling, and exercises out of public rates a patronage representing over one hundred thousand pounds per annum. The mode in which this patronage is distributed is not calculated to lessen the belief of the Irish people that the entire system of county government in Ireland is under the control of an alien

race. The Irish prisons system is managed by a board consisting of three members, all appointed by the Castle. The boards who have control of lunatic asylums in Ireland are nominated by the Castle; the resident and visiting medical officers, and the inspectors attached to these asylums, are appointed by the Castle. The entire system of primary education in Ireland is confided to a central board in Dublin, every member of which is nominated by the Castle. The board in Dublin which presides over the system of intermediate education for all Ireland is selected by the Castle. The metropolitan police in Dublin are managed by a commissioner who is appointed by the Castle; the entire system of rural police, known in Ireland as the constabulary force, and numbering about thirteen thousand men, is under the control of a commissioner who is appointed by the Castle. All the stipendiary magistrates throughout Ireland are appointed by the Castle. The unpaid magistrates are usually appointed on the recommendation of the lord lieutenant of the county, who is himself appointed by the Castle. The magistrates, paid and unpaid, throughout Ireland in any case of difficulty send up queries to the Castle, so as to be advised by the attorney or solicitor general, both of whom have offices in the Castle; and prosecutions, instead of being undertaken by the magistrates or by private individuals, as in England, are instituted invariably in the name of the Irish attorney-general, and under his direction.

The Irish Board of Works, a department possessing powers far more extensive than those vested in its English counterpart, is practically irresponsible to Irish public opinion. It is under the direct control of the Treasury in London, and is managed as a branch of the Treasury. Its mouthpiece in Parliament is the financial secretary of the Treasury, usually a gentleman who has never in his life set foot in Ireland, and of whom it would generally be true to say that he never had occasion to consider any problem of Irish administration until he found himself nominated to the official post which vested in him the control of perhaps the most important administrative department in Ireland. For it is to be remembered that the sphere of the Irish board of Works is not, as in England, confined to the maintenance of public buildings. Its functions are of the most varied and far-reaching character. In addition to duties such as are entrusted in England to the Board of



Works, the Irish Board undertakes the construction of royal harbors and the maintenance of inland navigation and water-ways, as for example that of the Shannon Navigation and of the Ulster Canal; it supervises the maintenance and tariffs even of private navigation works, such as the Royal Canal and the Newry Navigation. It has the entire control of advances of public money in connection with loans for land improvement, loans for arterial drainage, loans for sanitary works, loans to railway companies, loans for the erection of glebe houses, loans for the erection of artisans' houses, and advances for the erection of teachers' residences, reformatory and industrial schools, and of residences in connection with local dispensaries.

The Fishery Board of Ireland consists of four members — three paid officials and one honorary member — all appointed by the Castle. To this tribunal is intrusted the important duty of selecting the situations in which fishery piers are to be erected; and when the board appointed by and responsible to the Castle has decided upon sites for the piers, the Board of Works, appointed by and responsible to the Treasury in London, undertakes the entire control of their construction. The more critically the system of Irish administration is examined throughout all its branches, the more clearly will it be seen that it is an incarnation of the principle of government laid down with indiscreet candor by Bishop Horsley early in this century, when he declared that for his part he could not see what the mass of the people of any country had to do with the laws except to obey them.

If the object of government were to paralyze local effort, to annihilate local responsibility, and daily to give emphasis to the fact that the whole country is under the domination of an alien race, no system could be devised more likely to secure its object than that now in force in Ireland. We hold that the continuance of such a system is unjust to Ireland, useless to England, and dangerous to both. To England it is worse than useless, for while it has succeeded in irritating Ireland almost beyond endurance, it has resulted in preventing the imperial Parliament from giving its attention to many useful reforms which England stands in need of. Englishmen will not long consent to neglect their own affairs, merely in order that they may meddle in other people's business.

It has been well said that a problem well stated is half solved. The problem

in relation to the government of the empire which now confronts statesmen is this, How can the work of legislation and administration in the United Kingdom be so adjusted as to secure the integrity of that kingdom, while giving to each of its component parts the best means of providing for its own public wants and developing its own resources? Such an adjustment must involve division and subdivision of labor. The imperial Parliament cannot satisfactorily attend to its legitimate work as the great legislative body of the empire without delegating to some other authorities the task of dealing with all matters which possess a local character. But when we come to consider the nature of those matters which should be included under the term local, it will be found that they again are capable of division into two classes, viz., those which affect only a small area, such as a county, and which may most properly be termed local; and those which, while affecting several counties, do not concern more than one of the four countries — England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales — comprising the United Kingdom, and which matters might more properly be called domestic than local. A National Council in Edinburgh or Dublin would be unable to undertake all the petty details of administration for every Scotch shire or every Irish county; but, on the other hand, county boards would not be bodies of sufficient weight or authority to deal with matters affecting the entire of Scotland or of Ireland, nor from its essentially local character could a county board deal even with any matter affecting an area wider than that over the administration of which it would preside.

To make the legislative and administrative machinery of government for the United Kingdom workable it will be necessary to establish both county boards and National Councils. Both bodies should of course be elective. On the county board there might be representatives of owners and representatives of occupiers, and the proportion in which owners and occupiers respectively should be represented might follow the proportion in which local taxation falls upon each of the two classes. To county boards so elected should be assigned all the fiscal duties and the powers now entrusted to Grand Juries in Ireland, and also all those vested in the several boards of Poor Law guardians within the county, and all work connected with licensing for the sale of intoxicating liquors. To the county boards

should also belong the right of managing either by themselves or by their nominees all lunatic asylums within the county. Powers analogous to those vested in the school boards in England ought also to be conferred upon the county board. In short, the county board should, within the limits of its jurisdiction, undertake the entire administration of all public affairs for which the county and it alone is taxed.

But in administering the affairs of any county it would soon be seen that there are many matters in which the co-operation of other counties might be required, and for the accomplishment of which it would be necessary to impose taxes over an area wider than that of a single county, or even to assess a national rate. This necessity proves that in addition to the county boards bodies of national authority and jurisdiction must be called into existence. Of these bodies, which for the sake of convenience we have called National Councils, one might sit in Edinburgh, one in Dublin, and, if the people of Wales desire it, one should be established in Wales. The National Council might either be chosen directly by the ratepayers of the kingdom, or it might consist of members elected by the county boards, or rather by the representatives of owners and occupiers respectively on these boards. Thus assuming that each county board were to send to the National Council three members, and that on the county board the owners' representatives were to the occupiers' representatives in the proportion of one to two, the former would return one member to the National Council while the occupiers' representatives would return two members.

To the National Council so constituted might be entrusted all the control of local administration which is necessary: the audit of accounts, the distribution of the respective shares to which the several counties might be entitled out of imperial grants, and the contributions which such counties might be required to make towards expenditure of national importance. The work which is now performed by the Home Office, the Local Government Board, and the Education Department for Scotland and Wales, and by the Irish Local Government Board, the Irish Education Boards, the Irish Board of Works, the Fishery Board, and similar bodies in Ireland, might with advantage be transferred to a National Council responsible to the people of the country.

Both for the sake of relieving the imperial Parliament from an undue pressure

of work, and for the sake of redressing a grievance of which Irishmen and Scotchmen justly complain, the business of private-bill legislation for these countries should be transferred to Edinburgh and to Dublin. The annoyance caused to Scotchmen by the present system of dealing with private bill legislation is keen enough, but the circumstances of Ireland render that system exceptionally oppressive and irritating to Irishmen. For years past Irish politicians even of the mildest type have been emphatic in condemning an arrangement which entails upon both promoters and opponents of Irish private bills an expense which they regard as prohibitive. Ireland is a very poor country, England a very rich one. The scale of fees for Parliamentary procedure is no doubt suitable to England, or it would long since have been altered. Manchester and Liverpool may be satisfied to spend huge sums in promoting or opposing projects in themselves of enormous magnitude. But the fact that large sums are spent by Englishmen in promoting or resisting large projects is no reason why Irishmen should be content with a system which compels them to spend large sums in promoting or resisting small projects. The Corporation of Dublin complained in 1871 that "there has been expended in the nine years ending in August, 1869, £36,400 out of the Borough Fund and out of the rates collected in the city of Dublin in promoting and opposing bills in Parliament." The small town of Sligo, in the west of Ireland, spent in a Parliamentary contest respecting a private bill for local improvements in the town, £14,000; and in the same year the township of Kingstown, a suburb of Dublin, spent in a similar contest £6,000. These sums may seem to us small, but they do not seem small to Irishmen, whose incomes are to ours as hundreds are to thousands; and however widely politicians in Ireland may differ on other points, they are unanimous in insisting that Irish private-bill legislation should be dealt with in Ireland and not at Westminster.

The establishment of a National Council, elected by the Irish people and endowed with national authority, would enable the imperial Parliament to delegate to a body of sufficient weight, capacity, and power, duties which Parliament now endeavors to perform, but the performance of which necessitates the neglect of other and more important matters upon which the attention of the great legisla-

tive assembly of the empire should be concentrated. By the creation of county boards and National Councils we should secure in the United Kingdom a rational division of the duties and labors of government. The imperial Parliament, the National Councils, and the county boards would together form, so to speak, a hierarchy of legislative and administrative authority, all based upon the only true principle of government—free election by the governed. For all parts of the United Kingdom the establishment of such a system of government would be advantageous. For Ireland it would mean the beginning of a new life, it would substitute a government founded upon trust of the people in the place of one founded upon distrust and coercion.

It would be as great a boon to the governors as to the governed. We of course dismiss as absurd the suggestion that the evils of the present system of government in Ireland flow from any desire on the part of the Castle rulers to oppress or to annoy the people whose affairs they administer. No reasonable and unprejudiced man can doubt that the honest wish of those rulers is to devise and carry out the best measures for promoting the well-being of the Irish people. But the task is a hopeless one. A nation of serfs may for a time be ruled by a mild despotism, but so soon as a nation has begun to think for itself no system of government can succeed which does not take into account and follow the wishes of the people. The plain fact is, that the Castle in Ireland is in a state of hopeless isolation. There is no channel of trustworthy communication between the people and the government. Where is the Castle to seek for information as to the wishes and wants of the Irish people on any one question of the many which constantly have to be dealt with? Is the opinion of the county to be gathered from the Grand Jury of twenty-three gentlemen selected by the sheriff, assembled for one day, or at most two days, each half year, and then dissolved into space? Is the opinion of a district to be learned from the inspector of police, who is probably not on speaking terms with any local man of a lower social grade than that of a J. P., who speaks of the police force as "the service," regards the people as fit objects to be kept down by the semi-military force under his command, and would be shocked at the suggestion that he is the servant and not the master of those people? Is it to the unpaid magistrates that the Castle is to apply

for trustworthy information as to the wants and wishes of the Irish people? Unfortunately it happens that of these magistrates the majority are opposed to the people, differing from them in interests, in religion, and in politics. Of a total of over four thousand magistrates, the majority are landlords or landlords' agents, and about four-fifths of them are Protestants; while the majority of the people are tenants or connected with the tenant interest, and of the population the Catholics form a proportion about as large as that which the Protestants muster on the list of magistrates.

Nor can the stipendiary magistrates be relied upon by the Castle as a very sensitive index of Irish public opinion. A couple of years ago there were in Ireland about ninety stipendiary magistrates, of whom thirty-five were military men, twenty-two were ex-constabulary officers, two were ex-constabulary clerks, and of the remainder nineteen held only temporary appointments terminable at the will of the viceroy. Since that time we believe that the Castle has made earnest efforts to improve the *personnel* of the stipendiary magistracy; but the reform of such a body must necessarily be slow, and it may well be doubted whether reports of the stipendiary magistrates of Ireland are likely yet to be a faithful reflex of popular opinion in that country. But the Castle must rely upon the sources of information which we have indicated. The bishops and priests stand aloof from it, popular members of Parliament will not approach it; there is a wall of adamant between the Irish government and the Irish governed.

A system which places the entire administration of a country in the hands of a central government and which divorces an entire people from sympathy with or influence upon that government, must result in misunderstanding on one side followed by misrepresentation and unmeasured vilification on the other. The rulers at the Castle blindly striving to do their best for the country, which they do not, and which under the circumstances they cannot be expected to understand, complain not unjustly that the Irish people are unreasonable; the Irish people retort that the rulers at the Castle are tyrannical and corrupt. Under such a condition of things an intelligent and an economical administration of the country is impossible. Reforms most urgently needed are not even attempted, abuses the most glaring pass unchallenged. The public money

now spent in Ireland, if intelligently and honestly applied, would probably abundantly suffice for her public wants. But it is in a great measure misapplied, and it will continue to be misapplied until the system of government shall have been so amended as to place in the hands of a national body elected by and responsible to the Irish people the application and distribution of the funds now contributed by the imperial Exchequer to Ireland.

Take a couple of examples. The Irish people complain, and justly complain, that the manufacturing industries of Ireland are fast fading away owing to the absence of any technical system of education there. The Irish government retort by saying that, if the Irish want technical education, the localities in Ireland must contribute funds for the purpose; to which the Irish answer is, that the localities will not contribute anything so long as they are to have no local control over the educational system. This will to Liberal politicians seem a very reasonable answer, but the Irish government will not give up its control over the system of primary education in Ireland, and accordingly the Central Government Board of National Education continues unaltered, and the Irish people have to do without technical education. This is a sample of how the present system of government in Ireland results in hindering useful expenditure.

The legal establishment in Ireland affords a good illustration of how that system results in preventing a useful saving of money. The Irish government, on examining the estimates, finds that there is in Ireland a superfluity of judges, and that their salaries are paid on a scale so large as to be quite out of legitimate proportion to the earnings of barristers at the Irish bar. They further find that around the judicial establishment in Ireland there has grown up an official establishment so numerous and so costly as to represent a criminal waste of public money. Of its costliness some notion may be formed from the fact, that while in England the suitors' fees pay all the official expenses of the legal establishment except the judges' salaries, and leave an annual surplus of £15,000, the Irish legal establishment, also exclusive of judges' salaries, costs the country nearly £80,000 a year over and above the suitors' fees. The Irish government, having ascertained these facts, introduces into Parliament, as it clearly ought to do, a bill to curtail this costly establishment. Thereupon the Irish popular members assail the bill as

an attempt to deprive Ireland of some money which she now receives from the imperial exchequer, and by their opposition they succeed in shelving a reform which would save as much money as would probably establish and maintain a complete system of technical education in Ireland.

Each side can prevent, neither can carry, reforms in themselves plainly useful. A certain amount of money is each year contributed by the imperial Exchequer for purely Irish purposes. Surely it is for the interest of all parties in the State that the money so contributed should be employed to the best advantage. It is no gain to England to divert money from useful objects in order that it may be squandered on useless objects. Who are so likely to know the most profitable way of spending the money as the people for whom it is to be spent? Even if the Irish people should not employ the money for themselves more wisely than we employ it for them, at least they would have to blame not us but themselves for its mal-administration, and for the evils arising therefrom. Irritation in Ireland against England will never die until the Irish people are fixed with responsibility; and they will never be fixed with responsibility until they have the power of electing the bodies who shall have the administration of the funds raised and contributed for Irish domestic and local purposes.

Every argument points to the necessity for not only establishing elective county boards for administering the local affairs of the county, but also for creating a National Council, to exercise such control as must be exercised by some central body over the county boards, and to deal with domestic matters of importance too great, or affecting areas too wide, to enable them to come properly within the scope of any county board. This proposal is most important in regard to the solution of the Irish question. What is the root of Irish discontent? Every one recognizes the existence of the great grievances which distinguished the government of Ireland at the commencement of the century. But many of them have been removed. The tithes have been abolished, Catholic emancipation has been granted, religious disabilities have been removed, the Irish Church has been disestablished, and lastly and most important, the land laws have been reformed. In addition, there has been a large use of imperial funds and imperial credit. Yet still the Irish people are discontented; and probably there is

more deep-rooted dissatisfaction with the English connection at the present time than at any previous period in the history of the Union.

The fact is that these necessary and important reforms have each in turn been granted too late. They appear to be, and indeed have been, the result rather of compulsion than of a sense of justice. They have been proposed and carried out by a foreign government without consultation with the representatives of the Irish people, and under these circumstances they have been accepted grudgingly and without gratitude as instalments, and not as a complete satisfaction of all demands. What is needed is that the Irish legislation should be domestic in its origin, and not foreign; that it should be initiated by Irish representatives and adapted by them to the genius and requirements of the people, and that it should recognize the deep-rooted sentiment which in every nationality support the claim for purely domestic control of purely domestic affairs.

It is expedient, then, to recognize and satisfy, as far as may be done without danger to the integrity of the empire, the natural desire of the Irish people to legislate for themselves on matters of purely Irish concern. An incidental advantage would be that the constant claims which are now made upon the English exchequer would be avoided; Irishmen would be called upon to pay for what they wanted, and to guarantee on Irish credit the loans which they may think it desirable to raise in order to carry out their experiments. An Irish council dealing, as has been suggested, with education, public works, and similar subjects, would give scope for the ambition of Irish politicians, and would divert their attention from the irritating strife with England. If they made mistakes the responsibility would not be charged to the English government; the quarrel would be between Irishmen, and not between two nationalities. The British Parliament and the British administration would be relieved of the thankless task of imposing benefits which are hateful to those for whose advantage they are devised — hateful more because of their origin than from any inherent defects.

The proposed National Councils would have powers of rating strictly defined and limited for the purposes for which they are formed. They would receive and administer such proportions of the imperial grants for education and other purposes as are due to them in reference to their

population and contributions. If they in any way exceeded their functions they would be liable to be brought to book on application to the high court in their respective countries. The debates in these bodies, dealing as they would with matters of the greatest practical interest, would occupy the attention of the press and of the people. There would be neither room nor inclination for the minute heed which is now paid to strictly local discussions in the House of Commons. Parliament would be relieved of its too great burdens, and national life would have free scope. The political education of the people would be carried out, and the whole of its domestic business would receive the care and attention which it merits from representatives who would always be in direct communication and sympathy with the constituencies. It is likely that if such a concession as this were promptly made there would be a cessation of further agitation. A separate Parliament would add little to the practical advantages already obtained. The chief causes of irritation would be removed, and, even if the demand for the restoration of Grattan's Parliament were still occasionally heard, its supporters would not be the most numerous section of the people, nor would they be able to enlist any very enthusiastic following. Grattan's Parliament, with its separate House of Lords, would be a white elephant, and all, except the extreme separatist faction, would be more desirous to profit by the opportunity afforded to them of practical work than to engage in a further and probably barren agitation.

The effect of such a scheme as this would not be limited to the bestowal of an immense national boon upon Ireland. It would signify for Great Britain the redemption from an imperial reproach, and a substantial addition to our sources of imperial strength. We live in an epoch when our relations with our dependencies and our whole scheme of imperial administration is undergoing close scrutiny. Upon what terms is the mother country to be associated with its colonies? How far are the latter to be represented in the government of the former? In what proportions are the burdens of empire to be divided between the two? Such are the questions now being asked in many quarters, and in the process, it may be said, of receiving a reply. Yet, during the lapse of centuries, no decisive step has been taken towards the arrangement of a *modus vivendi* between that kingdom of



which London is the capital, and that other kingdom of which the capital — Dublin — is distant from the metropolis of the empire less than a day's journey. Austria and Hungary have long since settled their serious difficulties. England, however, persists in misunderstanding and, it must be said, misgoverning Ireland. Surely it is no slight blot upon the escutcheon of that country, which is the mother of empires as it is the mother of free Parliaments — the chosen home of liberty, the parent of all institutions resting upon a foundation of freedom — that she should as yet have failed to endow an island, an integral part of herself, and separated from her only by a few leagues of ocean, with a constitution that commands the loyalty and affection of its inhabitants. This, it may be said, is a sentimental consideration, but is there not a political consideration involved in it of the most serious character and of the most far-reaching magnitude? Let it be always remembered that an alienated Ireland means a weakened England, and even a weakened empire. It might be an exaggeration to say that the Irish government rests upon bayonets. It is no exaggeration, but the literal truth, that it involves the employment of thirty thousand soldiers and a vast constabulary force, organized after the military model, and costing per head for every inhabitant 5s. 6d., in comparison with 2s. 5d. per head expended on the police force of England, and 1s. 9d. on that of Scotland. In other words, we lock up whole regiments in Ireland which would otherwise be available for the defence of the dominions of the British crown in the remotest quarters of the world. We expose ourselves to the discredit of inability or unwillingness to concede to the sister island terms of administration with which she may be reasonably content; and in doing so we court the reproach of impotence to manage our own affairs at home. Not merely in Continental countries but in India and in the colonies is the perennial existence of the Irish difficulty cited as a dishonor to English statesmanship. Many experiments have been made. Nothing upon a scale at all adequate to the circumstances has been done. Is English statesmanship to acquiesce in this continuous failure to deal with what, if it has an imperial aspect, is primarily a domestic question? and is an Ireland estranged from England to be accepted as the unavoidable and unremovable cause of the weakening, in the manner already

described, of the British empire? To those who are not prepared to answer these inquiries in the affirmative, and who hold that even the most inveterate of Irish difficulties are obstacles which it would be shameful to the united statesmanship of England and Ireland to confess its helplessness to overcome, the scheme indicated in the foregoing pages must at least seem worthy of consideration.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### A WALKING TOUR IN THE LANDES.

THE morning sunlight was flashing on the broad Garonne, the rigging and hulls of the big vessels anchored or moored in the river, and touching with warmer gold the sails of the little craft that looked but half awake on the still sleeping water. It was seven o'clock, and I was waiting at Bordeaux for the first train that would take me to Arcachon.

Crowds of working people were hastening towards the Southern Railway Station from all roads and paths. A little wooden bridge that spanned the line resounded with the incessant tramp of boots and *sabots*, the toes of which were all turned one way. Up one side of the bridge's curve and down the other they went, men, women, and children, helter-skelter. The women and girls wore a kerchief of silk generally bright-colored, folded around the back part of the head, with one end left hanging as low as the shoulder — the characteristic *coiffure* of the Bordelaise which, with all its picturesqueness, has the fault of hiding the hair just where it is most beautiful. The men differed but little in appearance from the Paris workmen except by the darker hue of their skin and the brighter gleam of their eyes.

Those whose experience of an excursion train is confined to the British institution so called can have but a feeble notion of the enjoyment of being shut up for several hours in a French *train de plaisir* that has been crammed to the railway company's satisfaction. If, however, the journey is a short one and the country is new, and the traveller is sufficiently enthusiastic in the study of his fellow-men to be reckless of the combined odors of sausages, shrimps, peppermint, garlic, and wine, he ought to be thankful, as I was, for the opportunity of riding in a *train de plaisir*. Three long trains crept out of the station on the line to Arcachon, and I

was in one of them. We made ten in our compartment, but the prisoners could look over a long row of partitions each way, toss bunches of grapes to friends at a distance, wave handkerchiefs, waft kisses, shout the full-flavored jest that made the women scream, and otherwise prove their heroic determination to be happy although they were suffocating. A draught, even of the heated air from without, would have been like a breeze from Paradise, but it was not to be had. One head would fill a window, and there were always two competing for it. The two heads nearest me were soon engaged in a very gentle sort of conflict. They belonged to two lovers, and the face that was bronzed by the sun was every other minute bringing itself into accidental contact with the face that was soft and peach-like. The other passengers pretended not to notice these little collisions. In France lovers are treated with the utmost consideration. They may be pitied but they are not laughed at. Kindness is the secret of all true politeness. It is not in their hat-lifting, their bowing, their gracious smiles, and their neatly turned compliments that the French are the most polite nation in the world. These things may be mere accomplishments, tricks of the born actor, who sagaciously knows their value as current coin of life. It is their innate kindness, their tolerance of one another's weaknesses, their horror of the jest that pains for the sake of paining, their keen sensitiveness to the roughshod ridicule that rides ruthlessly over their own tender places, which make the proverbial politeness of the French a reality.

There were several women in the carriage, and all, except the girl in the corner, looked as if they had been dipped in walnut juice. One of them, probably not thirty years old, although in England she would be given ten years more — a woman with big black eyes, glistening teeth, and crow-black hair, richly oiled and decked with a bright yellow kerchief, would have passed for a handsome gipsy. Like the others, she wore much jewelry on her hands and in her ears, of massive gold and quaint design.

The peasant women of France think more of gold ornaments than fine clothes. Hence it is that in the French provinces English travellers are frequently struck by the contrast (violent to them) in the same individual of very mean garments with jewelry that is neither mean nor pretentious, but solid and beautiful.

We are now on the outskirts of the

sandy Landes, and are already in the great pine forests which have so changed the face of the country during the last century that our English forefathers would not recognize to-day this part of their province of Aquitaine. A phenomenon quite new to me enables me to realize that these dark woods are even now only a green mantle thrown over an arid desert of sand. There is a great change in the sky, and it is so sudden that I should have supposed that I had been travelling with my eyes shut for the last hour did I not know that I had been keeping a keen look-out through the little open space left of the carriage window. All at once I perceive that the sky is no longer a clear blue; that it is not blue at all, but of a soapy grey color. The sun that shines through it is so dimmed that the eye can bear its light. Flocks of fleecy clouds are rushing up to the zenith like vapory coursers lashed and spurred by spirit riders. Lower down and to windward is a motionless mass of slaty vapor tinged here and there with copper, and underneath it, white and smoky, are well-defined patches of cloud hovering with gilded edges or scudding all froth and fury towards the sun. The train stops at La Teste. We can hear a low wail coming up through the pines, growing louder and louder until it is almost a shriek when the wind strikes the nearest crests. Then the forest disappears or shows like the spars of shipping through a fog; boughs crack, cones rattle to the ground, twigs and branches fly through the air; up go all the carriage windows, and the panes sound as though they were struck by volley after volley of fine shot. My fellow-passengers think nothing of all this. To my questioning as to the darkness and the rattling against the windows somebody replies, "It is only the sand."

The storm has lifted the sand from the earth, and is hurling it back towards the sea from which it came. Before the soil was fixed to a great extent by the pines, this duel between the sea wind and the land wind was the chief cause of desolation in the melancholy Landes. There were a few peals of thunder and a few drops of rain; then the sand-clouds moved farther on, the sky cleared, and the sun shone forth again in all his strength. We were at Arcachon.

A collection of toy houses, apparently intended for extra-sized dolls, ranged along the beach of what resembles more a salt lake than an arm of the sea, with the pine forest for background stretching almost

without a break seventy or eighty miles towards the south, is Arcachon. It is a good place for fishermen, but a bad one for shoemakers. Here all covering for the feet, at least in summer, appears to be regarded as a graceless superfluity. Ladies from Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Paris pass the whole day bronzing their naked feet and ankles on the yellow sand. I met a family of visitors taking a country walk. The children were barefooted, as a matter of course; madame not being in bathing costume, kept her boots on her feet, but monsieur carried his in his hand.

On leaving Arcachon I hoisted my knapsack on my back, and began my walking tour. The day was more than half spent, but I had resolved to reach the little village of Cazau by the lake of the same name before night. Although I had marked out for myself no definite itinerary, and was prepared to allow my movements to be determined in a great measure by the accidental and unforeseen, my general plan was to traverse the Landes from north to south. Now, in walking southward from Arcachon I had to choose one of two courses. The first was to follow the coast, and the second was to keep on the eastern side of the chain of lakes extending from six to ten miles inland. The more adventurous journey would have been by the coast, but there were serious difficulties in the way of undertaking it. A more desolate and forbidding coast than that of the Bay of Biscay between Arcachon and Vieux Boucan it would be hard to find in Europe. For six or seven miles inland the country can scarcely be called inhabited. Two or three hotels and bathing establishments have sprung up near the sea in response to the ever-growing need of quiet places, whither the sick, the weary, and the economical can flee from the world; but during the greater part of the year they are closed. One may walk thirty miles, either along the coast or on the western shores of the lakes, without finding a human habitation, unless it be a *résinier's* hut. The resin-gatherers are the only men who dispute these solitudes with the wild boar.

The cause of this supreme desolation is the dunes or sandhills which in the last century threatened to transform the whole of the western Landes with their towns and villages into a French Sahara. The maritime pine was the salvation of this region. By undaunted perseverance, the seed was made to take root in the shifting sand, and thus dune after dune was fixed. It was one of those long battles with the

forces of nature in which human purpose, often discouraged, but never turned from its object, triumphs at last over seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Before the dunes were covered with pines they were constantly changing their shape and place, ebbing and flowing like the sea; but always gaining in the sum of years upon the mainland; and fatally, irresistibly, drinking up the springs of fertility — the life blood of civilization. The ancient port of Mimizan lies under the dune of Udos, and Mimizan of to-day is cut off from the sea by a hill of sand. Although the high dunes did not travel much beyond the chain of lakes, their devastating influence was felt many a league eastward. The sand caught up from them by the storms rushing in from the Bay of Biscay fell upon the whole region like showers of volcanic ashes. Thus were formed the Grandes Landes, in the midst of which lies the town of Sabres, where the land is flat, and in winter marshy, and where the use of stilts by the inhabitants is still very general. But even the flat Landes are now mostly covered with pine woods, and probably before the century dies the last pair of Gascon stilts will be used to make a pot boil.

I have said there were serious difficulties in the way of my following the coast line. The worst was the difficulty of walking. Only by great exertion could I have managed to cover ten or twelve miles a day, and at the end of the first, and maybe the second, twelve miles I should have found myself still in the forest, with no prospect of shelter unless I chanced to light upon a *résinier's* cabin. I had, therefore, to consider also the difficulty of finding food, and, what was of still greater moment, water. The prudent pedestrian, especially if he has no companion, must weigh such matters as these before trusting himself to a vast and pathless forest, where the undergrowth of hawthorn, holly, heather, and furze, all on a gigantic scale, is frequently impenetrable. Having decided to leave the dunes on my right, and keep to the plains, where I should have better opportunities for observing the life of the people, I turned my back to the ocean, and commenced walking in the direction of Cazau. As far as La Teste the road skirted the basin of Arcachon, and a dark green fringe of tamarisk crept down to the blue water. The calm inland sea was dotted over with many little fishing craft, whose sails flashed back golden gleams as they turned to the sun. The afternoon was very warm,

and the bright sand threw back the hot rays. After La Teste the road left the sea and ran straight as an arrow through the forest. Now the subtle spirit of gladness that dwells in the pine woods and fills all living things with joy, from the dove that swings in the breeze as it pecks the seed from the ripe cone, to the grasshopper that springs from tuft to tuft of flowering heather, was upon me, and I rejoiced at the thought that for at least four days I should see no town and should breathe the breath of the forest. Now and then the fragrance of the pines was overborne by that of peppermint, where the little aromatic flowers showed their blue whorls, like beads strung on threads by fairies, in patches along the wayside. Grasshoppers darted in every direction. Those I saw along the roadsides of Auvergne had scarlet wings; these had bright blue wings. There was not a scarlet one amongst them. But I noticed one of a pale green color, that looked as large as a wren as it flew from tuft to tuft.

For a few miles the silence of the woods was only broken by the chirruping of grasshoppers. Then I heard a loud, grating chirrup from the top of a tree. It was not the note of a bird, although quite loud enough to be so, but that of the cicada — the *cigale* so dear to Frédéric Mistral and his brother poets of Provence. It is not a musical sound, but it is full of the joy of nature. The little creature sings on one note the everlasting song of southern life, the song of passion and sun worship. When the sky is clouded it is silent, but when the sun breaks forth it seems intoxicated with pleasure, and in the crest of every pine is a blithe spirit that pipes upon an invisible reed, "Sadness is gone; joy! joy forever!"

The undergrowth of the forest on each side of me was, as far as I could see, of heather and furze. Both these shrubs frequently rose to the height of ten feet. The man who walked through such brushwood, unless he had stilts, would soon be bleeding from the prickly spines of the gorse and be worn out with fatigue. I tested the experiment and soon returned to the road. I had walked several miles from La Teste, and the only person I met was a rustic Nimrod with his gun strapped to his back. The shooting season had just opened, and even in these solitudes the hares and the turtle doves have to keep a watchful eye on the local sportsmen. I was thirsty and there was no water. In this part of the Landes during the summer heats it is useless to look for

a spring. The wandering herdsmen know this so well that they carry gourds of water in their wallets. The water is only reached by wells, and it is usually of a bad color and often brackish. Such as it is, it can generally be found at no great depth, because underneath the invariable bed of sand there is a very solid layer of tuff composed of sand conglomerated with organic matter, so impervious to moisture that the rain which quickly soaks down to it cannot escape into the strata below. This explains why the land is so marshy during the winter that in some districts stilts are then absolutely indispensable. The Landais are such adepts in the use of these artificial legs that they can travel over marshy ground by stepping from tuft to tuft of heather as fast as a horse can trot over a good road. The marshes cause malarial fever when the strong evaporation sets in, but of late years scientific drainage has been carried on to such an extent that the department is no longer unhealthy.

I quenched my thirst as well as I could with blackberries, which grew in abundance along the wayside, until, as evening was coming on, I reached a well-built wooden cottage. In the porch a peasant and his wife were looking at me with a puzzled expression and whispering to each other. Supposing that the cottage might be an *auberge*, I asked them if they sold wine. "No, no," was the answer. "Can you give me some water, then?" "Yes, come in." I entered. The interior was very pleasant — very different from the living-rooms of the cottages and auberges of Auvergne. The floor was not of stamped earth, but of good pine, and spotlessly clean. The man wore the dark blue *béret* of Gascony, which is so curiously similar to the bonnet of the Lowland Scotch, and the woman a bright-colored kerchief wound around the back of her head. She said something to the man in a *patois* of which I did not understand a word, but I quickly guessed the meaning, for he took a pitcher and went to the well. When he returned with the water, the woman brought out a glass and a *litre* of wine. I took no notice of the wine, but poured out some water. "Take some wine with it," said the woman in French. "We don't sell it, but we can give it." I declined it, saying I preferred water. "But the cold water will do you harm. Put at least some sugar in it." I assured her that the water would not do me harm, and that I liked it much better without sugar. My entertainers looked at one

another, and the puzzled expression I noticed at first gave place to one of confidence and hospitality. The idea had dawned upon them that I was not a genuine tramp, a Prussian spy, or a crafty pedlar with a trick of getting round women's hearts by asking for water. My best recommendation was a bunch of flowers — mere weeds — which I carried in my hand. "*Monsieur herbolise?*" said the man. "Sometimes," I replied. "Ah! then you are going to Lake Cazau?" "Yes, but why do you think so?" "Because people come a long way to Cazau to 'do botany.' A little flower that is very rare grows near the lake, and there are persons who spend whole days in looking for it." The ice being now thoroughly broken, the peasant went to a cupboard and brought out another bottle. "If you don't care for wine," said he, "perhaps you will take a little cognac." Again I declined, perhaps wrongly, for it hurt the feelings of these good people to see me emptying a pitcher of cold water in their house. I thanked them, and bade them good-bye. When my form must have been to them a dusky splash against the fading sky, I looked back and saw them watching me out of sight.

From afar off came the tinkle of many bells. At first it was very faint, but as I walked on, now at a quick pace, for I had loitered greatly, it grew clearer. I knew that I was nearing a village and that the cattle were going home for the night. The sound waxed louder and louder; the forest fell back and yielded to fields of green maize, gardens with fruit trees, and cottages. This was Cazau. The village square was filled with cattle, each animal wearing a bell tied to its neck. From all directions other herds were approaching, as I knew by the clanging of the bells and the songs of the herdsmen. I stopped at the first inn I found, and was soon put in possession of a comfortable bedroom, and had the satisfaction of knowing that some dinner was being cooked in the kitchen. While the cooking was going on I strolled round the house. It was a long, low, one-floored building, with a row of acacias in front, kept short and bushy, and an old weeping willow half hiding a well. There was also a kitchen garden, with little in it besides a bed of tomatoes, covered with red and green fruit, and a patch of melons. Beyond was a broad field of maize, which blended its bright green leaves in the distance, now getting rapidly dim in the brief twilight, with the deeper green of the forest. There was a

subdued glow of light over the house, the acacias, the willow, the maize-field, the tomatoes, and the melon plants, that was not so much light as the remembrance of it, and the calm was so deep as to be almost impassioned.

Having dined on stewed eels and fowl with tomato sauce, I went outside again, and sat under the acacias, smoking my pipe and listening to the cicadas in the nearest pine-trees, and the herdsmen who, having gathered all their cattle about them, were singing in chorus songs that sounded like canticles. The Landais are a much more musical people than the northern French. They have rich, sonorous voices, and singing seems to be their chief pastime. The songs of these wandering herdsmen have a melancholy cadence that harmonizes well with the vastness and mystery of the forest. The voices of the men rising and falling in concert, the distant chorus of cicadas, the richness of the pine-scented air, the peacefulness of the little auberge, and the luxurious sense of rest after a fatiguing walk, made me loth to leave the garden seat. One by one the voices were hushed; the singers went home to bed, and the cattle got too drowsy to shake their bells. At length I roused myself, and very soon the widow who kept the inn, and her two sons who farmed the land, myself, and the little barefooted servant, were all in bed.

No sooner was my light out than I heard the familiar song of that small demon insect, the mosquito, whose presence I had invited by leaving the window open. He persisted in blowing his trumpet a few inches from my nose. Outmanœuvred and vanquished, I covered my head with the sheet and fell asleep. I was awakened by the roaring of thunder. From my window I saw the lightning rending the clouds and illuminating the wondrous depths of the forest. Beyond the fiery leaves and stalks of the maize-field, the trunks of the pines gleamed like molten steel. The storm raged far into the morning, then went away as suddenly as it came, and the sun was soon shining in a cloudless sky.

While I was breakfasting on bread and *café au lait* I took counsel of the landlady and her two sons respecting the day's journey. The hostess was an elderly widow. I could not help noticing that she had a pair of lean, bare legs, and that her feet were thrust into old *espadrilles* — heelless shoes with soles of hemp, common in lower Gascony, and especially



in the Basque country. Her sons had thrown off a great deal of the peasant, both in their dress and their manners, and they seemed to have little taste for the life they led. I was bent upon reaching Biscarosse before night, not by the direct road, nor by any road at all, but by rounding the western shore of the lake. Mother and sons broke to me, in as delicate a manner as possible, that the project was not that of a sane person. I was told that if I kept to the open shore of the lake I should find the sand very loose and the heat overpowering, and that if I chose the forest the walking would be still worse. But the water difficulty was the most perplexing. I was assured that I should find no water fit to drink unless I chanced to meet a *résinier*, who might be able to give me some. Knowing from the map that the distance must be less than twenty miles, the obstacles of which these people drew such a forbidding picture seemed to me rather fanciful. I, however, thought it prudent, before starting, to take a bottle of wine and some food with me. The only food that the house could supply at that moment was bread and four or five sardines. With my wine, bread, and sardines I faced the terrors of the desert with my knapsack unpleasantly heavy.

As I neared the sheet of water which had for me such an attraction, I came to a pillar surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, and read that it was dedicated to Our Lady of the Lake. For the first two or three miles the walk along the shore of the lake was delightful, for the morning's freshness still resisted the sun's power. I met a young lady tramping over the sand with naked feet and accompanied by a servant carrying bathing-dress and towels. Like all well-conducted young French women in the presence of an unknown male, mademoiselle stared fixedly in the direction of her pretty toes. I passed herds of cattle nibbling the short grass that grew where the ground was marshy; but the strip of land between the forest and the water became narrower and narrower, and I was soon struggling through high heather at the foot of the sandhills. Innumerable dragon-flies darted through the air. Some of them had bright yellow bodies which gave them a very fierce and wicked look; others — a smaller variety — were, excepting the all but invisible wings, the color of rubies. I disturbed colonies of frogs basking among the reeds. They waited until I was within a few yards of them, then rose like a flight of birds and dropped into the

water, their green backs glittering just a moment in the sunlight. More cows — these were wading breast-high far out in the shallow water and ringing their inseparable bells. Little brown lizards, from three to four inches long, darted over the sand, and in the winking of an eye were lost among the rusty roots of the heather. The knapsack now felt like a mountain on my back, the perspiration dropped from my face, and one of my hands — that on the side of the sun — had turned lobster red and smarted with the blistering heat. Still I plodded on over the hot and yielding sand, or through the tangled brushwood, and could have convinced myself that everything was for the best in the best of worlds, were it not for the thirst that parched me. This is a sensation which the animal spirits, though they leap like a mountain stream, cannot wash away. I turned to the wine which my forethought made me bring. It was hot — mulled by the sun, and I could not drink it. I cast longing looks at the blue lake that seemed so cool. It was really tepid, and I had been told that the water was unfit to drink. When French people say that certain water is undrinkable one may be sure that it is so, for they are not at all fastidious in such matters. I had only walked about ten kilomètres, and there were some twenty more to cover before I could reach Biscarosse by the way I had chosen. As I went on, the sand became terribly fatiguing. Why did I not learn to walk on stilts like the Landais, before undertaking this journey? I was told at Cazau that half a day's practice would have made me quite an adept. But my neck might have been broken during the lesson. While I was hesitating whether I would drink the wine or the water from the lake, I nearly walked into a well. It was a real well, sunk deep into the sand at the edge of the forest. I could see the shine of the water in the cool depth where no sunbeam had ever penetrated, but I could not reach it, for there was neither rope nor bucket. It was evident that those who used the well had hospitably hidden these utensils. Imitating the philosophy of the fox in the fable, I was trying to persuade myself that this water must be brackish or contaminated by the lake, when I heard "tap, tap, tap," in the woods not far away. It was the sound of a resin-gatherer's axe.

I climbed the dune. The shadow of the pines was deep but not cool. These trees shut out the sun's rays, but very little of their heat. Oak, beech, or chest-

nut shade is cool, but a pine forest is always hot in summer weather. That "tap, tap, tap," was a perfect will o' the wisp. Now it sounded quite near, and now much farther away. It was leading me deeper and deeper into the forest. Presently I caught a glimpse of a man's body flattened like a squirrel's against the trunk of a tree. He was standing about ten feet from the ground upon a notched piece of timber that he had planted against a pine. This piece of wood was the résinier's ladder. The man was barefooted, like all his class when at work, and he was knocking off with his axe the sugar-like lumps of resin from the yellow streak where the bark had been lately stripped. Near the foot of the tree was affixed a little earthen pot, to catch the more fluid resin, on which greater value is set. The man saw me coming towards him, but he was either morose or suspicious, for he took no notice of me. Only when I was battling with his dog—a vicious, shaggy little brute with a tail as bushy as a fox's, but curled over his back, did he give a sign of friendly feeling. He rebuked the animal in a few short grunts, still keeping his eyes fixed upon the tree. I then asked him if he could give me some water. "Yes," he replied, but went on tapping with his axe. Presently he walked down his pole with the stealthy certitude of a cat, and beckoned me to follow him. I did so, and the dog brought up the rear, with his lips curled up at each side and showing his white teeth. In a few minutes we came to a little clearing, where there were three or four very low but solidly built huts of pine wood with long eaves. We entered one of these, and my new acquaintance trustfully left me there while he went to the well. I was not sorry that he took his ill-conditioned dog with him. While he was away I noticed that the room was comfortably floored, that there was a broad open fireplace with iron dogs on the hearth, almost buried in wood ashes, that there were two rough chairs and a rougher table and a piece of ham hanging to a beam. There were two more rooms, one of which, as I afterwards learnt, was used as a bedroom, the other for storing resin.

The forester quickly returned with a jar—one of those jars so frequently seen on approaching the Pyrenees, and which look like degenerate descendants of classic amphoræ. He set it down on the table, and bringing one of the two glasses which he owned from the cupboard, filled it with water clear and cold. I emptied it

and refilled it, and emptied it again. Then I unpacked the bread and sardines and wine which I had carried on the top of my knapsack. The wine I gave to my host, who, however, insisted upon my taking some before he would touch it. While I was engaged upon my bread and sardines, the resin-gatherer lit a fire of cones and split pine which needed no coaxing to burn. In two minutes the flames were rolling up the wide chimney. Then he unhitched a frying-pan from the wall, and set it on the fire with a lump of grease in it. Next he took a few small fish which he had netted in the lake, and dropped them into the boiling fat. He then fetched a huge round loaf of rye bread, almost black, and spreading his fish upon a slice of it, proceeded to eat his meal. He grew communicative, and I found that so far from being a morose or suspicious character, he was as simple and genuine as a child. He was a lean, agile man of about forty-five, with shaven dark face, aquiline nose, broad prominent chin, and frank hazel eyes. The pinched smooth features and lean body gave him the air of an ascetic monk. I soon learned that his asceticism was compulsory. He was a poor man, and his diet from necessity was often as simple as that of a Trappist. Fortunately for him his tastes did not go beyond the life to which he had grown, and he was contented with fare on which a town workman could not exist except in a state of misery. This résinier told me that one of the great loaves of rye bread such as he had before him lasted him about four days, and he apologized for his appetite by explaining that inasmuch as he drank no wine and rarely touched meat he was obliged to eat a great deal of bread to keep up his strength.

"You drink no wine?"

"No; this is not a grape country, and wine is too dear for us."

"And are all the résiniers water-drinkers?"

"All! except when they go into the villages."

"And do you pass all your life alone in the forest?"

"No, I go every Saturday night to Biscarosse where my wife lives, and spend Sunday there."

He finished his meal in about ten minutes, and was ready for work again; but I handed him my tobacco pouch, at which his eyes lighted up like a very hungry child's at the sight of a cake, and we sat outside the hut on the heathery slope of

the dune under an old pine, and resumed our talk as we smoked.

"Do you earn much money in return for leading this solitary life in the woods?"

"We used to do well enough when the price of the *barrigue* of resin was up to forty or fifty francs, but this year is bad—very bad."

"Haven't the pines yielded well?"

"Oh, yes. It is not the fault of the pines. It is the fault of the market. The price is down to twenty-four francs."

"How many *barrigues* do you fill in a year?"

"We reckon a hundred."

"And you get?"

"Half the market price; the rest goes to the proprietor. We divide with him. That is the system on which we work all through the Landes. Each man has generally one thousand trees to look after."

"So with the market price at twenty-four francs you will get for your year's work twelve hundred francs (48*l.*). And have you nothing else to look to?"

"In the winter evenings we split wood, and sometimes we hunt."

"What do you hunt—boars?"

"A—ah! No" (with a grin). "That's dangerous. We hunt snipe, wild duck, and hares. Sometimes we kill five or six snipe a day, and they sell for two francs fifty centimes each."

Not such a bad life after all, thought I, notwithstanding the state of the resin market.

One need not ask why, since the collection of resin has been one of the chief industries of the Landes, wild creatures of all kinds have become much scarcer than formerly throughout this region, which is still very attractive to the adventurous sportsman, especially if he be likewise a naturalist. The *résiniers* have had a great deal to do with driving the wolf back to the Pyrenees; not so much by making war upon him, as by worrying his nerves by the incessant tapping of their axes. A wolf has a delicate nervous system. A line of railway run through his district is quite sufficient to make him move elsewhere. The boar, a less nervous animal than the wolf, and a more formidable one when attacked, is frequently met in these forests. He has nothing to fear from the *résiniers*, who, when they see him, have the prudence to let him go on his way, and they treat his spouse when followed by her young with even greater respect. If the boar on the other hand becomes imprudent, and makes nightly raids upon a maize-field on the

outskirts of a village, the villagers organize a hunt. His taste for sweet maize-stalks frequently costs him his life; but he sells it dearly, ripping open dogs and sometimes men, fighting as long as he has strength to strike with his tusks. Curiously enough the boar has a rival here in his congener, the domestic pig, which having found the air of the forest and freedom sweeter than that of the sty or farmyard became a self-emancipated porker. A few years ago these wild pigs—they are known as *cochons sauvages*—were so numerous in the neighborhood of Cazau, and wrought such destruction upon the young pines that the government took energetic measures to exterminate them. The wild pig of the Landes is of the same breed that supplies Paris with its much prized Bayonne hams. Formerly troops of wild horses roamed the Landes, just as wild horses and cattle still roam the Camargue—that desert of Provence and Languedoc. They have entirely disappeared. Roebucks, which were once plentiful, are getting scarce. Smaller quadrupeds, such as foxes and hares, are very numerous, and the wildcat is found in the forests. The Landes are peculiarly rich in ornithology. Birds which have almost if not quite disappeared from other parts of western Europe, such as the bustard, the wild goose, and the wild swan, linger in these solitudes. Flamingoes are occasionally seen in districts where the marshes have not been drained, and there are wild pheasants about the banks of the Leyre. There are tortoises in the sand, and the lakes contain a great variety of fresh-water fish. Sportsmen to whom the pleasure of shooting something in old Europe that is really wild is heightened by natural obstacles, such as thickets that can only be penetrated by means of the axe, sand sloughs into which they may step unawares, and not be heard of more, and forest flies capable of inflicting positive torture, would find in the Marensin, the district immediately south of Lake Cazau, an ideal hunting-ground. If the visitor takes out his shooting license at the *mairie* of the commune which he chooses for the scene of his exploits, he may blaze away without fear of hindrance; but it is necessary that he should pay this local tribute, for the commune has the right to stop people from shooting within its bounds unless they are provided with one of its own licenses. The license costs twenty-five francs. Half of the money goes to the commune in which it is taken out, and the other half to the State.

My project of reaching Biscarosse by skirting the lake soon became a subject of earnest conversation between me and the resin-gatherer. The description he gave of the journey was anything but seductive. He put the distance at sixteen kilomètres. Knowing by experience the inveterate habit of the country people of underestimating distances I added four to his sixteen. He told me that it would take him, with his knowledge of the country, six hours to do the journey. A new idea struck me. Between the trunks of the pines I could see a boat lying on the near shore of the lake, and I asked my dark friend if it would be possible to get across by water to Biscarosse.

"Certainly," said he. "That is my boat, and I can take you across."

"Well, name your price."

After reflecting a few minutes he said, "I shall have to pay one of my comrades to do my work. It's about four hours' sail, for there is scarcely any wind, and I must stop the night at Biscarosse. Do you think five francs too much?"

"No; make your arrangements and let us start."

He walked to a neighboring hut, outside of which two other résiniers who had returned for their midday meal were now seated. In a few minutes he had arranged the matter and was ready to start.

He left his cabin door unlocked, for it never enters a résinier's head to doubt the honesty of another résinier. These men pass their lives in perfect companionship, without rivalry, jealousy, or distrust. Nothing would be easier than for one of them to steal the fruit of another's labor—to abstract resin from his neighbor's pots—but I have been assured that such practices are unknown in the Landes. On reaching the lake I found that the boat had been beached some ten yards from the shore. The resin-gatherer tucked up his trousers and waded in. This was a trifling matter with him, for he had bare feet. He carried his sabots in his hand, because he was about to enter his village, and he wished to look respectable there. Seeing me hesitating on the shore he made excuses for his own forgetfulness, and quickly returning insisted upon carrying me to the boat on his back. Rather reluctantly I assumed the undignified position. We were now in the boat, and a few pushes of the sail pole sent it gliding into deeper water. I took my seat on a plank in the centre and the résinier placed himself in the stern, where he

could ply the rudder with one hand and hold the sail cord with the other. The dog settled himself between his master's naked feet, and although he pretended to sleep he kept one glistening half-closed eye fixed on me. The little brute had grown more amiable since he ate the tails of my sardines, but was still very surly.

The mast was set, the sail was unfurled and flapped lazily in the light breeze. We hardly seemed to move. There was scarce a ripple on the glassy water, and I could see the golden sand at the bottom when we were half a mile from the shore. There was no shelter here from the sun's rays, which smote down with almost tropical force; but the sensations which the novelty of the situation and the beauty of the scenery awakened were enchanting. Now I could take in the whole loveliness of this delightful lake, which is just large enough to mimic the sea but not so large as to shut out the impressions of the land. All around, above the glittering margin of sand stretched the unbroken forest, vast and undulating like the ocean. In the narrow valleys between parallel dunes were sombre depths of dusky green, over which floated a pale blue mist. There the pines looked like trees accursed without hope of sunshine and light, with no breeze to unbosom their agony in sighs, but brooding in solemn and awful silence forever. But where the storms of ages ago had written their history in the sands rolled high into the shape of mountain ridges the joyous pines were all luminous with the summer glory of the sun, and there I knew the doves must be swinging on the topmost boughs where the wind and leaves sing forever.

After about an hour's very slow sailing, a broad ripple breaking from the shore we had left ran across the face of the lake. Before it reached us the sail suddenly bulged, the cord was nearly tugged from the forester's grasp, and the boat sprang forward with a motion altogether new. Then we noticed that the sun was shining through a dun-colored vapor, and that smoky masses of cloud were hovering over the dunes on the southern shore.

"A storm!" said my companion.

"Will it break before we reach the land?"

"Very likely."

It was soon blowing a stiff breeze that drove the boat along at a greyhound's speed, with occasional gusts which made the foam fly over the bows. A pleasant and exciting change this, but if the dose was to be increased the sail would need

very judicious handling. The boat, moreover, was very old and leaky. My boots were already half under water. The dog, having at length taken his eye off me, was devoting all his attention to the problem of finding a dry place to sit upon. I noticed his discomfort with satisfaction. Our little ship might be filling with water, but she was making splendid way. The wind, which caused us to tack considerably at first, was now carrying us straight as an arrow to a point in the south-eastern corner of the lake, which the résinier wished to reach. The storm did not really strike us, but rolled away to the east, and the lumpy water was settling down again as the boat ran up a little creek. Here the résinier moored her, and we set off walking to Biscarosse, which was about three miles distant. The land here was flat and marshy, and less thickly wooded than on the opposite shore of the lake. Two bullocks harnessed to a wagon and separated by a very long beam, were the first signs of approaching civilization.

From Nature.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY CONFERENCE IN ROME.

THE late Conference in Rome, which for some unknown reason stands adjourned for the present to reassemble again in November, has arrived at certain results, the details of which are not published yet, and until the full and authenticated report is at hand it would be unjustifiable to subject them to criticism. But as far as the gross results achieved and the methods followed by that Conference have already become known through the reports sent to the daily papers, there is no reason for viewing those results with any peculiar satisfaction. As far as we can follow the proceedings of the Conference its achievements cannot be considered an advance on those of its predecessors held in Constantinople in 1866 and in Vienna in 1874.

During the present century Europe has been visited six times by cholera, and after the second visitation (1847-50) the first International Sanitary Conference was convened to Paris in 1851, in order to arrive at some common understanding as to quarantine, and to discuss various questions of hygiene, as well as the etiology of the disease.

Between 1852-56 Europe was again visited by cholera (England in 1853-4), and

very important knowledge was then gained as to the intimate relations existing between general insanitary conditions and the spread and severity of the disease. After the next visitation of Europe by cholera (in 1865-6) the second International Sanitary Conference met at Constantinople (in 1866). The results of the deliberations of this Conference have been in many respects important. The Conference agreed, with few dissentients, that cholera has for its starting-point India; that its invasion into other countries is effected by human intercourse, including linen and wearing apparel; that its spread depends in a great measure on general insanitary conditions of habitation, air, water, and food. In order to avert and check the invasion of Europe by the disease, the Conference agreed to a certain complicated system of quarantine both by land and sea, which embodied and enlarged on the scheme laid down by the preceding Conference of 1851, but which had been found incapable to avert the introduction of the disease in 1865-6.

Next cholera appeared in Europe in various countries between 1869-73, and after the epidemic came to an end another International Conference assembled in Vienna in 1874. This Conference, while confirming the results of the deliberations of its predecessors, arrived at certain important conclusions as to the value of disinfection and quarantine. As regards the latter the Conference agreed that all measures of quarantine, as far as they are practicable, are fallacious and incapable of averting or checking the introduction and spread of the disease; that all measures of land quarantine are to be condemned; and that maritime quarantine is to be replaced by competent medical inspection. Cholera appeared next in Egypt in 1883, and from here was introduced into Marseilles, where it assumed, in July, 1884, alarming proportions; thence it spread into Toulon, the south and north of France, into Italy and Spain, raging everywhere with great severity. If at any time land and maritime quarantine had a fair trial it was in 1884 in France, Italy, and Spain. Every one remembers the dictum of M. Fauvel, then at the head of medical affairs in France, that the disease that broke out in 1884 in Marseilles and spread thence into Toulon and other parts of France could not be Asiatic cholera, because quarantine, after the appearance of cholera in Egypt in 1883, had been very perfect and had been carried out in French maritime ports with



great rigor. Every one remembers also that, in spite of all the measures of land quarantine practised in France, Italy, and Spain in 1884 — and at the present moment practised in Spain — its lazarettos, fumigations, and military cordons with its attendant troubles, miseries, and cruelties, cholera spread and raged with great severity in France and Italy, and is at the present moment assuming alarming proportions in the eastern and south-eastern parts of Spain; while, on the other hand, this country, without any maritime or land quarantine, but with an efficient and competent medical inspection of all shipping in its maritime ports, has remained free from cholera in 1884 and hitherto, notwithstanding its vast communications with Egypt, Italy, and Spain. Maritime and land quarantine have had a repeated and fair trial, but have been found utterly wanting, and countries like France, Italy, and Spain placing the utmost faith in them have dearly paid for it. Now, what lesson is to be learned from all this, and let us ask at the same time what lesson has the late Conference in Rome learned from this?

The Conference of Constantinople (in 1866) had adopted ten days as the furthest limit of the period of incubation — that is to say, if any ship coming from an infected part had been at sea for ten days and no case of cholera has appeared on board, the ship is to be considered "clean" and is to receive free *pratique*. Now, steamers sailing from Bombay arrive under favorable conditions off Suez on the eleventh day, and therefore if no cholera has appeared during the whole of the voyage, the ship ought, according to the above, to receive free *pratique*. But instead of this every ship is detained and kept under "inspection" for at least twenty-four hours at Suez, at the instance of the Egyptian authorities acting under the instructions of the General Board of Health. The majority of the medical members of the late Conference at Rome carried this still further in recommending that all ships coming from India should be detained and kept under inspection at Suez for five days, some delegates even for ten days. Another still more iniquitous recommendation, and one which, if carried into practice, is likely to have serious consequences for Egypt and Europe, is this: that if any "suspected" ship — the decision as to this "suspicion" resting with an Egyptian official of self-estimated competency — arrive off Suez, the passengers and crew are to be turned out into lazarettos,

kept there under observation, disinfected, etc. Now, the Conference, in order to establish a permanent focus of cholera from which the disease might, and in all probability would, spread into Egypt and the adjoining countries, the Mediterranean basin and Europe, could not have recommended any arrangement that is more likely to further such a hazardous and dangerous object. In vain did Dr. Thorne, one of the English delegates, urge at the Conference the iniquity and danger of this recommendation. The French delegates leading the majority turned a deaf ear to any reasonable suggestion; they seem to have learned no lesson from the misery that lazarettos, fumigations, and all other measures of land quarantine, without stopping the introduction and spread of cholera, have in the past inflicted on their country.

If we ask ourselves, What new facts, what new experiences have in the last cholera epidemic in 1884 been gained in order to justify these recommendations of the majority of the Conference? we have to answer, None; and those that have become known point in the opposite direction. The recommendation as to five to ten days' quarantine off Suez for ships coming direct from India seems to imply that the late outbreak of cholera in Egypt owed its origin to importation from India. This view has during 1883-84 been stated and re-stated by French writers with their usual self-confidence, but not a tittle of evidence has been brought forward to support it. Moreover, there exists a good deal of evidence showing that that outbreak, which, as is well known, commenced in Damietta, owed its origin to importation from an altogether different direction — viz., overland by pilgrims from Mecca. As Prof. Lewis, another delegate from England, has urged at the Conference, no English ship coming from India has ever been known to have imported cholera into Egypt and Europe; and, considering the enormous number of vessels arriving from Indian ports in Egypt, the Mediterranean countries, and Europe, it is certainly a very remarkable fact that importation, if it happened in this manner, should not be of common occurrence.

The real danger from cholera for Egypt, Turkey, and Europe does not lie at Suez and the Suez Canal, but at Mecca and the countries about the Caspian Sea, this being the route in which cholera has hitherto travelled — viz., from Mecca, Mesopotamia, and Persia, into the Red Sea coast, Egypt, Syria, the Levant, Turkey,

and Russia — and therefore these are the portals, if any, which the European powers ought to guard. As England has urged in the past, and as it has also urged on this occasion, every country may, and has a right to protect itself as it thinks best. France and Spain may make their own maritime quarantine as rigorous, their land quarantine as vexatious as they choose; but that these countries should dictate measures to others, which past experience has proved to be fallacious and futile to achieve the end they aim at, is as iniquitous as it is against common sense.

Cholera in Europe being dependent on importation from the East, it is quite clear that absolute prevention of such importation would theoretically be the best safeguard; but then the question arises, and it is one that has been repeatedly asked — viz., can this be practically achieved? To stop unconditionally every and all communication with an infected locality involves, apart from the great practical difficulties in carrying it out, such enormous hardships, material loss and misery, that the remedy would entail greater misfortunes than the evil it tries to cure, even granting, for the sake of argument, that it is capable of so doing.

Prof. von Pettenkofer in his various writings on the subject of quarantine has fully and clearly stated the case, and their perusal would have materially enlightened many of the members of the late Conference. They would also find in those writings what they might have found already in the protocols of the former conferences (in Constantinople and Vienna), viz., that one of the *chief and first duties* of the State in order to prevent and check the spread of cholera is a *proper attention to general sanitation*. Make your military cordons as strict as you please, stop and impede all traffic by sea and land as much as you like, fumigate your railway travellers and mails as carefully and rigorously as possible, you will not hereby succeed in stopping all communication with an infected country. On the other hand, give up all those silly and harassing limitations, but keep a good lookout for infected ships coming to any of your ports, detain the infected persons in a specially fitted hospital, disinfect the ship and articles, but allow the rest of the passengers and crew to depart, keeping their names and addresses, and notify their arrival to the sanitary authorities of the place they are bound to. Further than this, see that your dwellings, your water, and air are in

sanitary respects looked after, and that filth is properly disposed of, and you will hereby have done what is compatible with all past and present experience in order to check the entrance and dissemination of cholera. It is admitted on all hands that general insanitary conditions of dwellings, water, and air are the most powerful allies of cholera; without them, cholera is as unable to spread as typhoid fever.

The principles just mentioned are practically those on which the sanitary authorities in this country have been acting in the past, and on which they are acting in the present. The danger to this country from importation of cholera from Spain is greater than perhaps to any other, seeing the vast maritime communications existing between this country and the east and south coast of Spain; but there can be little doubt that, if cholera should unfortunately be imported, it can never assume those gigantic proportions that it has assumed in France, Italy, and that it is now assuming in Spain.

If one reads of the unspeakably filthy conditions prevailing in Spain, and reads at the same time of the silly and arbitrary proceedings of the authorities in carrying out quarantine, one is reminded of the general who, in trying to keep out a powerful enemy, is putting up on the frontier a few dummy soldiers and toy guns, but who has omitted to provide the interior of the country with a real army and guns. The result is, of course, clear: the enemy cannot be prevented from entering, and, having entered, cannot be kept from overrunning and devastating the country.

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From The Spectator.

#### LEO XIII. AS ULTRAMONTANE.

THE pope and the Ultramontane faction have at last come to blows, and each, in his own way, may lay claim to the victory. The pope has triumphed, in so far that he has put to silence his responsible and official opponents, and has now only to deal with the small fry of journalists and anonymous correspondents. The Ultramontanes have triumphed, in so far that they have forced the pope to fight them with weapons drawn from their own armory. Leo XIII. has interfered in behalf of the cause which Pius IX. was never weary of condemning; but in order to do so with effect, he has had to resort to methods which Pius IX. was never weary of employing. The Ultramontane sword

has been unsheathed in defence of Liberal Catholicism. Are the Ultramontanes or the Liberal Catholics the chief gainers by the event? The Roman correspondent of the *Times* gave a vivid picture on Thursday of the extent and diffusion of the Ultramontane revolt. "It forced the pope's hand in Belgium; it seeks to frustrate his endeavors in Germany; it refuses his guidance in Ireland; it has shown itself so headstrong in Spain as to draw forth a severe rebuke." Perhaps the pope would have borne all this in silence. But when the same tactics were pursued in Rome itself, in the columns of the papal journals, and among the members of the Sacred College, he evidently thought it time to speak. The result was the remarkable letter to the Archbishop of Paris which was published the other day.

It may seem at first sight that there is something unnatural in an Ultramontane quarrelling with a pope. The whole policy of the party under Pius IX. was to exalt the papal authority. Can the Ultramontanes be consistent in protesting against the application for a different purpose of the doctrine they helped to promulgate? It would be a sufficient answer to this question to say that no party, whether religious or political, ever troubles itself about consistency. It makes an excellent text for the sermons of opponents, but inside the party it is invariably put aside under cover of some such formula as "circumstances alter cases." But at bottom the Ultramontanes are not inconsistent. They wanted the pope's authority established, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the uses to which they hoped to put it. Infallibility was to them what the sovereignty of the people was to the French Jacobins—a formula to be used, not because it was true, but because it was useful. An advanced French republican will declare that from the judgment of universal suffrage there is no appeal, and in the same breath he will enumerate the arrangements he is making to guard against the possibility that universal suffrage may pronounce against the republic. The worst enemies of Whig kings have been the preachers of divine right. When Pius IX. was on the throne, the Ultramontanes had his exclusive confidence, and repaid him by absolute devotion. Now that Leo XIII. has withdrawn the confidence, they have in their turn withdrawn the devotion. Even among Ultramontanes there is an inner sanctuary, in which the sacred lamp of private judg-

ment yet burns, and the oil that feeds it is conviction that they know better than Leo XIII. how the authority he possesses should be used. For a long time the pope was very loth to speak against this view with sufficient peremptoriness. He was a Whig pope, and he wished to rule by Whig methods. His silence, however, was misinterpreted, and the more he kept his powers in the background, the more he saw them invoked by persons and for causes with which he had no sympathy. The trial has at last been too much for him, and the letter to the Archbishop of Paris is the result.

The subject of this letter is the necessity of subordination and obedience to the chief pastor of the Church. "Upon these two virtues depend the order and life of the Church. They are the indispensable condition for doing right, and arriving happily in port." Men may show themselves wanting in the fulfilment of this condition in more ways than one, and the most obvious ways are not always the most dangerous. There is no need, for example, that a man should offer open opposition to the head of the Church: "It is equally a proof of insincere submission to establish an opposition between sovereign pontiff and sovereign pontiff. Those who in the case of two differing directions reject the present one, and hold to the past one, give no proof of obedience to the authority which has the right and duty of directing them." In fact, they are no better than those schismatics "who, after condemnation, would appeal to the next council or to a better-informed pope." The person to be obeyed is the pope for the time being, not a pope who has passed away or a pope who has yet to come. The right opinion on the subject is that each pope is "free to follow the rule of conduct which he judges best for the times and the other circumstances of the case." As to what that rule is, he is the sole judge, because he alone has full knowledge what the circumstances are, and special light as to how they should be dealt with. The business of Catholic journalists, as of all other Catholics, is to submit themselves fully, with heart and mind, to the Roman pontiff. Writers who act otherwise are false to their mission.

In the long run it is probable that this unmistakable assertion of the papal claims will be generally respected. Except in Ireland, the classes to which the Ultramontane journalists can appeal are not in a position to give them any effectual

assistance. In France and Spain, they are identified with the Legitimist Royalists, in Germany with the Particularists, and the adherents of these parties are not strong enough to count for much in an ecclesiastical quarrel. The great body of Catholics will prefer the cause of Catholicism to any other that their advisers in the press may seek to identify with it, and they will think that the pope is the best judge of what Catholicism really means. With the Ultramontane politicians, politics come first and Catholicism second. They may not consciously arrange them in this order, but preference is stronger than intention, and it is in this order that the two things really appeal to them. Hence comes their antagonism to Leo XIII., with whom Catholicism comes first, and politics second. It is true this might equally have been said of Pius IX. He would have been republican and royalist, radical and reactionary, by turns, if he had thought it made for the interest of the Church that he should be so. But except in the brilliant opening of his pontificate, he consistently identified religion with one party, and the Legitimists forgave him 1846 for the sake of the thirty years that followed his return to Rome. If Leo XIII. would curse the republic in France, the constitutional monarchy in Spain, the empire in Germany, the partisans of the dethroned dynasties would stand by him as they stood by Pius IX. They hate him because he judges each case on its merits, and is willing to be friends with any government that is willing to be friends with him. But, we repeat, there is nothing in their hostility to carry any popular feeling with it; and now that the pope has put his foot down, we shall expect to see the opposition of the Extreme Right dwindle to nothing. In Ireland, no doubt, the case is different. There the Church has to contend with a strong popular movement, and the pope is compromised by the mischievous and incendiary language of some members of the episcopate. But the author of the letter to the Archbishop of Paris is not likely to draw back before the National League. His rebuke to the French journalists and to Cardinal Pitra applies with equal force to Irish journalists and Archbishop Croke; and if it be necessary for him to make the application specific as well as obvious, there is not much fear that he will be found wanting.

Yet though Leo XIII. can be trusted to use wisely the autocratic power he claims, is it to the advantage of Catholicism that

he should have been egged on to claim it? That is another and a wider question, and one the answer to which would, as we think, be less favorable to the new papal position.

From The Saturday Review.

#### THE LYONS SILK TRADE.

AMIDST the general depression that is felt more or less in every country, there are cases here and there in which an industry is suffering, not from temporary decline, but from actual decay. One of these instances appears to be presented by the Lyons silk trade. For several years it has been in a condition of chronic crisis. Its decay is due to two causes—the gradual supersession of hand-loom weaving by machinery and the peculiar organization of the industry in Lyons. Within the city the great manufacturers are, properly speaking, not manufacturers at all. They are merchants who obtain orders from the trade and give out materials to be worked up by contractors. Nor are the contractors, in the sense in which we use the word in this country, manufacturers either. They are workpeople—*chefs d'atelier*, as they are called—who have a little capital and usually own from one to four looms. If they possess more than one loom, they employ assistants to work the others. These *chefs d'atelier* receive from the manufacturers the materials to be worked up, contracting to weave them for a stipulated sum within a fixed time, and they pay their assistants daily wages. It is a mistake to describe this system as an instance of *petite industrie*. It much more closely resembles our own "sweating" system. And M. Leroy-Boileau only injures a good case when he presses it as an argument against the Socialists. It is true, no doubt, that the *chefs d'atelier* are workpeople, are possessed of a little capital, and have a kind of independence as regards the manufacturers. But it is equally true that the *chefs d'atelier* are a minority of the Lyons silk-workers, and that the majority not only work for wages, but work much more closely under the eye of the employer than do the operatives in a great factory. Even in theory, then, the organization of the silk trade in no way corresponds with the demands of the Socialists. In actual fact, the workpeople employed by the *chefs d'atelier* are much worse off than the operatives in a great factory. The *chefs*

*d'atelier* are too poor to contract on favorable terms with the manufacturers, and they are too numerous and too eager to get work to allow of effective combination among themselves. Naturally, every workman of skill who is capable of scraping together the price of a loom is anxious to rise from the position of a day laborer to that of a petty employer, and the recruitment in this way of the number of *chefs d'atelier* increases the competition among themselves so keenly that they are ready to work for almost any pittance. At the present time, for example, it is said that even the *chefs d'atelier* do not earn more than two francs a day, while masons and carpenters earn from four to six francs a day. And as the *chefs d'atelier* have to pay their assistants out of their small profits, it can easily be understood that the day laborers are in a pitiable condition. In fact, the employers admit quite frankly that the state of the workpeople of all classes is very bad; but they have hitherto urged that they cannot afford to raise wages. They have now, however, agreed to a compromise. The day laborers, being employed singly or in twos and threes, are, like the *chefs d'atelier*, not usually able to combine effectually as operatives in a factory do, and by combination to force up wages; and consequently, although there are combinations, these combinations appear almost powerless in the struggle with the employers. Attempts have been made from time to time by enterprising *chefs d'atelier* to substitute steam machinery for the hand loom; but these attempts have not succeeded. In the meanwhile, in the neighborhood of the city and in the surrounding departments great factories have been erected, and the competition of those factories is evidently killing the trade in Lyons. It is said that the *chefs d'atelier*, for the most part, belong to families that have been in the same position for generations, that they have acquired rare skill and intelligence in their trade, and that thus they are able to turn out an article which cannot be equalled in the great factories. This superior workmanship, no doubt, has enabled them to keep up the competition with the great factories so far; but the cost of this workmanship is very great, and the cheapness of the work turned out in the great factories makes it more sought after generally by the public. The result is that the manufacturers of Lyons are less and less in demand with the public, while the cheaper stuffs of the great factories are generally worn.

Another cause of the depression in the Lyons silk trade is the gradual development of the industry both in Germany and Italy. Just as Lancashire has suffered from the competition of the United States and the Continent, so at present Lyons is suffering from the competition of her neighbors. It is a matter of course that, as wealth accumulates, the more backward countries should develop new industries, and usually they direct their energies in the first place towards those industries which have attained a great magnitude in more advanced countries. In Italy and Germany silk manufacture is rapidly growing; and the consequence is that Lyons is exposed, not alone to the competition of the great manufacturers of its own neighborhood, but to the competition also of Germany and Italy. This competition, too, has been greatly intensified by the revival of protectionism during the past few years. French goods are subjected to such oppressive duties abroad that the trade of France with other countries has diminished, and the native industry in such States as Germany and Italy has been fostered. We find, for example, that while the exports of silk from France in 1873 exceeded nineteen millions sterling in value, they were last year barely ten and a half millions sterling. It is true, of course, that there has been a considerable decline in the price during the period here treated of, and that consequently the falling off in the quantity of the exports is not as great as that in the value; but there is a considerable falling off in quantity also, showing how seriously France has been affected by foreign competition and protective tariffs. The fall in prices, too, it will be seen, is material as regards the workpeople. When the manufacturers receive less for the goods they sell, they are obliged to pay less for the manufacture; and, consequently, a considerable fall in prices is almost always accompanied by a considerable fall in wages also. And in another way still, protective duties injure the trade. Fashion has changed very considerably of late. There is less taste now for the rarer and costlier kinds of silk, the demand running chiefly upon mixed goods in which there is a proportion of cotton. But the high duties imposed in France upon cotton yarn prevent the manufacturers from buying their cotton cheap, and thus enhance the cost of materials. The price of the manufactured article having fallen, while the price of such raw material as cotton yarn is enhanced, leaves less margin out



of which wages can be paid, and thus, indirectly, the raising of the duties in France helps to lower wages in the silk trade. The change of fashion and high protective duties are, however, only temporary and exceptional causes; the real cause of the decay of the industry is, as we have said, the competition of the great factories with hand-loom weaving. In the past quarter of a century the number of looms in Lyons has fallen from forty thousand to eighteen thousand, or fifty-five per cent. Adventitious circumstances have enabled the Lyons trade to struggle on longer than other hand-loom weavers; but that hand-loom weaving is doomed can hardly be doubted, and that, in the interest of those engaged, the change to the great factories should be made as soon as possible is desirable.

The circumstances being such as have now been described, it is strange that the workpeople do not seek employment elsewhere. It is, however, less easy to find employment than economists often suppose. The workpeople have acquired great skill in the business in which they are now engaged, and if they were to pass into any other trade, that skill would be of little value to them. Besides, they hope, no doubt, that the times will mend. There have in the past been several crises in Lyons, and they have been followed by periods of more or less prosperity; and doubtless the workpeople trust that the present extreme depression will also come to an end. Lastly, it may be doubted whether in the present state of trade in France there are openings for all the distressed Lyons workpeople. Doubtless, in emigration there would be a resource; but then French workpeople seldom emigrate. It is clear, however, that if the workpeople persist in struggling on, and if the organization of the trade is not changed, its decay must continue, and sooner or later must bring serious trouble upon Lyons. Hand-loom weaving cannot hold its own; and yet it would seem from past experience that the introduction of large factories in Lyons is not easy. All the factories hitherto established have been outside the city, and some of them even at considerable distances. The claim of the workpeople at present is for

a fixed scale of wages. The employers long refused to accept the proposal, insisting that their profits do not permit them to pay more than they now do. On that point, of course, outsiders are incapable of forming a judgment. Perhaps the fear that if the crisis lasted much longer, and if the workpeople refused to seek employment elsewhere the end might be serious trouble, induced the employers to agree to a compromise. The feeling of the workpeople against the *bourgeoisie* is strong; and, though hitherto peace has been maintained, it is not at all impossible that there might be disturbances. At any rate, even if actual resistance in the streets were recognized as hopeless, the spread of Socialistic doctrines would go on rapidly. Socialism even now has attained a strong position in the city, and under present circumstances its spread is likely to be more rapid than before. In the mean time it does not seem that the government can do much. Doubtless the negotiation of commercial treaties would effect something; but whether satisfactory treaties can now be negotiated is a doubtful matter. The United States, where at one time there was not only a large but a steadily growing trade in French silks, are little disposed to conclude a treaty with France; and with our own country the negotiation so long carried on ended in nothing. In fact, the protectionist feeling throughout France is so strong that there is little probability the government would be able to make such concessions as would obtain for it real advantages for the Lyons silk trade, even if ministers could be induced to believe that the protective policy of late years has contributed in any material degree to the depression now prevailing in Lyons. Except by the negotiation of commercial treaties, however, it does not seem that the government can effect much. The only hope that can be entertained is that the extreme depression now prevailing all over the world may soon pass away, and that with the return of better times the Lyons silk trade may feel some revival which will enable those engaged in it gradually to transfer their capital and their skill to other departments of industry which will pay them better.